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A Journal of Opinion

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From Berlin to Tokyo

Both the war in the West and the war in the East have reached critical junctures, at which it is profitable not only to take stock of the progress made in each, but to compare the two. For the many disappointments suffered on the long, hard road to Berlin may yet be repeated, and felt in intensified form, on the longer and in some ways harder road to Tokyo, if the lessons learned in the one theatre are not immediately applied to the other. There is no reason to doubt that the military commands of the United States and the United Nations will promptly apply the experience gained in one zone to the problems encountered in the other, but there is every reason to fear that civilians, including many of those in responsible positions affecting war production, may again give way to easy overoptimism.

The bombing of Tokyo is the most striking recent development to occasion these misgivings. After two years and seven months, the Japanese capital, a sprawling city which serves as the heart of a sprawling empire now in process of dismemberment, has again been brought under direct attack. In April, 1942, the bombing by Lieutenant General (then Lieutenant Colonel) James H. Doolittle's squadron was a mere stunt, a token raid executed by a specially constituted task force of sixteen medium bombers, flying from the carrier Hornet, and each carrying only one ton of bombs. Now, Brigadier General Emmett O'Donnell has led a force of from 70 to 100 B-29 Superfortresses over the Tokyo area. We have come a long way.

No More Than a Start

But just what does this progress mean in terms of the approach to final victory—the only goal that matters? The comparison with the war in the West provides a partial answer. The Doolittle bombing of Tokyo came only six weeks before the first RAF 1,000-plane attack on Cologne. Two and a half years later, Cologne still has not been conquered. The nation which it serves has been subjected to bombing on a scale which seemed visionary two and a half years ago. But that nation fights on.

The first Superfortress raid on Tokyo was undertaken and executed in a most admirable spirit of humility and self-criticism by the Twenty-first Bomber Command, based on captured Saipan in the Marianas Islands, 1,500 miles from the target. Brigadier General Haywood Hansell, displaying a level-headedness too often lacking in the Army Air Forces, admitted frankly that the job was not perfect, nor even up to his command's expectations. But it was a start, and a promising one.

Pacific Fleet censors passed a correspondent's statement that the aerial invasion of Japan would go into high gear only after bases closer to the target had been seized—a clear announcement that islands such as the Bonins or the Ryukyus or the Kuriles are marked for invasion at a comparatively early date. Not until that stage has been passed will air attacks on the enemy in the East bear any resemblance to those which have been visited upon the enemy in the West ever since the RAF threw a haymaker at Cologne.

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The Danger of Overconfidence

Doolittle's men carried 16 tons of bombs; O'Donnell's men must have carried well over 400 tons. (It cannot be too often emphasized that the theoretical bomb-carrying capacities of large planes bear no resemblance to the loads carried in combat operations. Flying Fortresses and Liberators in the European Theatre are credited with a five-ton capacity, but official figures on their performance show that they usually take only half of this. British night bombers, now being adapted for daytime use, carry almost their rated capacity of five to six tons. The B-29 probably does not yet carry more than half its theoretical load of ten tons.) Eventually, from bases in the Marianas and from others still to be captured, the industrial complexes of Japan will be operated on by air forces capable of carrying 3,000 or 4,000 tons of bombs to the targets, two or three times a week.

What will be the effect on Japan? There is evidence, in the case of every highly organized country which has been subjected to bombing, that the people's will to resist is more likely to be strengthened than weakened. There is equally convincing evidence that Japanese industry, while it may be slowed down, will not be incapacitated. And again the analogy with Germany provides a pointed warning. The bombing offensive against the Reich was far less effective than had been hoped, because the enemy had transported much of his refugee industry from the Rhineland to the mountains and forests of Slovakia and Silesia. The Japanese have their Silesia, on a far greater scale and far better situated, in Manchuria. The task of knocking it out is going to be a tough one.

While the Oil Holds Out

Still, the question persists, will not Japan's war machine be stalled by lack of oil? That same question was asked in the case of Germany, and with somewhat more confidence. Yet the most recent targets of Allied heavy bombing fleets in Western Europe have been Germany's oil sources. It is plain that even the most massive blows against these supposedly sensitive objectives cannot keep them long out of action. There is also good reason to believe that Germany's output of natural oil, from fields developed since 1939, has been grossly underestimated.

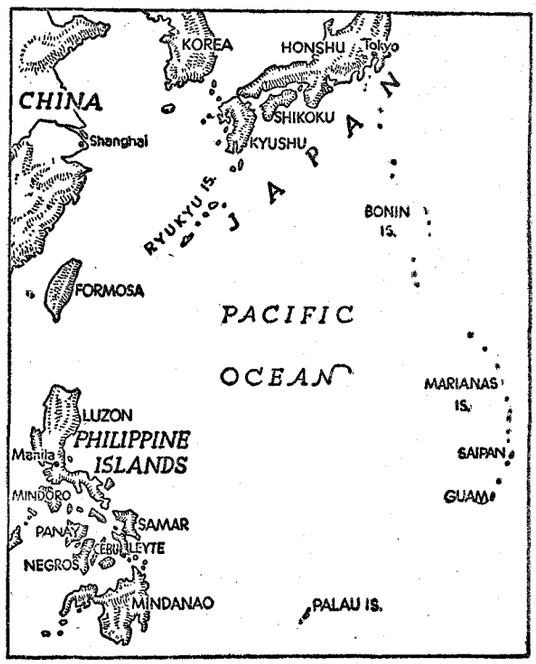
Here is yet another warning of errors that may be made in assessing Japan's capacity for prolonged resistance. Hoarded stocks of oil may be consumed or destroyed. Replacements from the wells of the Indies may be sunk en route by submarine or aerial blockade. Synthetic producers may be bombed. And still Japan must be expected to have alternative sources of supply, at least in low-grade shales, which will keep her war machine running long after the theoretical freezing point has been reached.

The Hard-Pressed Germans

Fortunately, the war in the West is now in the opposite phase of the cycle from that in the East. It has been brought to a point at which victory is in sight, and two principal elements in the victory now emerging have been strategic bombing and amphibious operations.

The former began, for all effective purposes, more than two years ago. The landings began with the first hesitant steps on the beaches of North Africa on November 8, 1942. It was two years to the day after those landings that Lieutenant General Patton touched off the current offensive which offers hope of finality.

The German civilian shows no sign of cracking, as he did in 1918; the German army, air force and navy still have not produced a Kiel mutiny. But the descriptions of the troops encountered on the Western Front—after the overeasy assumptions of some of the correspondents have been pared away—show that unseasoned levies are being thrown into the line. There can be only one reason, on a sector so vital as the Siegfried Line—and this is that the Germans have nothing better to offer. The day when they could shuttle picked divisions between White Russia and France has long since passed. The destruction of two or three German armies, on either front, within this month should open the entire country to an Allied advance upon Berlin.



On the Target

B-29 Superfortresses based on Saipan and taking Tokyo as their target, teamed with others based in western China for the attack on southwestern Japan, have completed the aerial envelopment of the enemy's home islands.

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Cordell Hull

Cordell Hull looks better in retrospect, as he leaves the State Department, than he did while in office. Inevitably, he was blamed for a good many things which originated above or below his plane of action, which in either case, he was unable to control. The appeasement of Roman Catholic opinion and the unworkable policies toward Spain, France and Italy came primarily from the White House; the social snobbery and hostility to European refugees came largely from career diplomats over whom no Secretary of State could have complete discipline. We could never get very excited over Mr. Hull's consuming passion for reciprocal-trade agreements, but within the limits of his ambition he did a steadfast, long-continued and effective job. His greatest usefulness came in the last few months of his tenure, in conciliating conservatives of both parties in Congress, and especially the Senate, toward the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. We hope his health will permit him, even out of office, to continue to work with the President on the very difficult job of getting these proposals through Congress without ruinous amendments.

Steel Wages and Little Steel

The War Labor Board has, as it says, granted some steel workers advances in pay without either bending or breaking the Little Steel formula. Wages are to be equalized among the various plants, presumably by raising those in the mills paying the lower scales, and night shifts are to be paid more. If this is a decision on the merits of the specific pay increases awarded, and leaves the general formula for basic rates as wide open to revision as before, it may be justified. If, on the other hand, it is an attempt to evade the issue of revision of the Little Steel formula itself, it is a compromise that will satisfy no one. The employers and the doctrinaire supporters of the formula don't want increases on any ground, while the unions want the principle recognized that wage rates should keep pace with the cost of living. Under the formula they are allowed a maximum rise of 15 percent, while the cost of living has gone up about twice as much.

We are not impressed by the outcry that the decision will increase costs of production. As the report of the Board's panels previously demonstrated, steel profits in the aggregate are so great that even if the union's request for a 17-cents-an-hour increase were granted, and no other changes took place, steel prices could be held where they are and the industry would make more money that it did before the war.

Europe in Ferment

The governmental crises in Belgium and Italy, as well as the death-pains of the Polish Government-in-Exile precipitated by the resignation of conciliatory Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, are part and parcel of a political pattern common to all of Europe. It has become increasingly apparent in recent months that no government can stay in power without the continued support of the Left, which has emerged from the various wars of national liberation not only greatly strengthened, but also intent upon participating in governmental affairs. This is particularly true of the Italian and Belgian situations.

In Belgium, the failure of the returned government-in-exile of Premier Hubert Pierlot to reach an understanding with the resistance movement, which under Axis rule became what actually is an autonomous counter-government, amounts to political suicide. The refusal of the resistance groups to give up their arms indicates their lack of confidence in a government whose only claim to authority seems to lie in Allied backing rather than in popular support. Pierlot's stupid attempt to solve a genuinely political issue by threatening Allied military intervention seems to have made compromise impossible. His fall can only be a matter of time.

Italy and Poland

In Italy, the resignation of Premier Ivanoe Bonomi seems to have been the result of pressure from the Left which, influenced by the strong leftist partisan movement in German-occupied northern Italy, has a legitimate claim to greater representation in the cabinet. There has been mounting evidence in recent months that Italy's urgent economic problems can be solved only by radical means, of which the Left alone is capable because it is unhampered by the conservative commitments of the Right and Middle groups to Italy's Anglo-American liberators.

The resignation of Polish Premier Mikolajczyk proves that there are more than two sides to the Polish-Russian controversy. The intransigent attitude of the Polish Socialists in the government-in-exile shows serious lack of political vision. In contrast to their Socialist comrades in other countries who have allied themselves with the Communists to form a strong united front against the danger of reaction, the Polish Socialists have obviously overstepped the limits of political reality in their blind hatred of the Soviet Union. Mikolajczyk's resignation is a serious indictment of Polish socialism and, for all practical purposes, amounts to an endorsement of the Russian attitude toward Poland.

Biddle v. Littell

Within a short time after Francis Biddle became Attorney General, it was an open secret in Washington that there was no love lost between Biddle and his Assistant Attorney General in charge of Public Lands, Norman Littell. Now the Attorney General has asked for Littell's resignation, on the ground that their temperaments are incompatible. The two men are ob-

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viously of very different make-ups, but the basis of their disagreements has always been more fundamental than that. Littell's integrity and courage have remained unquestioned for the six years he has been in Washington. His crusading spirit has led him on from one administrative battle to another, from Elk Hills and Empire Ordnance to the Breakers Hotel case and surplus-land-disposal policy. Time and again Littell went out in front of his chief, who in each of the above-mentioned cases was not active enough to suit Littell's idea of the public interest. In the most recent fight to take surplus-land disposal out of the hands of Jesse Jones, Will Clayton and the real-estate boards, Biddle refused to support Littell's position and, we understand, privately reprimanded him severely for opposing the Clayton cabal.

Members of the Kilgore and Mead (formerly Truman) Committees with whom Littell has worked most closely on the Hill have expressed deep concern over the request for his resignation, and in all probability the whole controversy will be publicly aired. Unless the Attorney General brings forth additional reasons for his action against Norman Littell, we feel that progressive forces should insist that Littell be kept in a position where he can continue his strong fight for a strong democracy.

Looking Toward 1946

Before the election post-mortems recede completely from our minds, two features of the recent political trend should convey their proper lesson for 1946 and beyond. There is now no doubt that the outcome on November 7 was in large part due to the extensive campaign to get out the vote. It corroborates the argument of the Democrats a year ago and Louis Bean's analysis in our May 1 issue that the 1942-43 congressional and local victories were not evidences of a real Republican trend, but rather of general disinterest and of relatively greater apathy among Democratic voters. The larger turn-out on November 7 has erased part of the Republican gains in Congress that resulted from the general lack of voting interest in 1942 and even more from the industrial recession of 1938. If the Democrats mean to improve on their present moderate margin in Congress, voting interest in 1946 must be kept alive; but above all unemployment must not be allowed to develop.

The second feature of the 1944 election is the relatively greater wartime Democratic strength in the Eastern and Far Western states compared with that of the Middle Western states. This regional division, which characterized the 1940 election, was analyzed for us by Mr. Bean in our September 25 issue as likely to prevail again in the 1944 election. While some of the extreme 1940 shifts away from the present administration were partly offset this year in certain North Central and Northwestern states, the regional division is still pronounced. The fact that it did prevail means that there are numerous spots in our electorate where, for reasons of nationality, race, religion or economic interest, the meaning of the war, and the reasons for our part in it, are not much clearer than they were in 1940. Such spots are not confined to those sections in New York City where the Democrats lost most ground in 1940. They are also to be found in other Eastern communities and in such Western states as the Dakotas, Nevada and Texas. There is therefore an educational job still to be done in these communities, whether our eyes are on 1946, 1948 or on the more distant future welfare of the United States.

The AFL Won't Call

The Dowager Duchess of American Labor—the Executive Council of the AFL—is very careful of her social contacts. She passes the CIO with a haughty stare, and so far as the Soviet trade unions are concerned, they just don't belong at all. The Executive Council has long had the British Trade Union Congress on her reception list, but when that body so compromises its social position as to invite both the CIO and the Russians to a party, the Duchess decides to stay home, pull down the shades and nurse her offended dignity.

The British Trade Union Executives have been given plenty of warning of this attitude, but they have gone ahead with their plans just the same. To them it seems important to have a world labor organization representing all the United Nations, and while they would value AFL participation, they have decided not to buy it at the expense of world unity. It is whispered that they would even prefer the CIO to the AFL, if they have to choose. The latter is an august and numerous body, but its international labor activities have usually been confined to sending delegates to conventions and nothing more. The CIO is thought to mean business.

New Appointments

Two members of the three-man Surplus War Property Disposal Board, created by Congress last session, have now been named by the President, and the third is expected to be designated soon. Most progressive political observers in Washington expressed moderate enthusiasm over the choice of Edward H. Heller of San Francisco and Robert Hurley of Connecticut to the two jobs. Heller is known to be an independent, fair-minded business man. Hurley, a former Governor of Connecticut, is considered a good friend of small business. Congressional leaders believe that the chairmanship of the board will go to Senator Guy Gillette after the new Congress has assembled.

The naming of the advisory board to the Office of Demobilization and Reconversion also had general approval among Washington progressives. The industrial

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representatives are thought to be reasonable men, and labor and farm members represent a good cross-section. A majority of the new advisory group should have no trouble getting together on a demand for more, and more detailed, planning for full employment.

The Clothing Crisis

After months of costly delay, steps are at last being taken to halt runaway price increases and quality deterioration in clothing. For more than two years, the Standards Division of the OPA struggled to prevent the present crisis by means of a joint OPA-WPB pricing-and-allocation program which would set specific dollars-and-cents ceilings on necessary commodities and tie these prices to minimum quality standards. For its pains, the OPA Standards Division was abolished, and most of its valuable consumer research was filed away.

Under strong public pressure, a new clothing program is now being launched. First steps are to produce 30 million pieces of low-cost children's clothing under dollars-and-cents ceilings, and to move in on "over-finishing," polite trade language for raising prices by fancying up the same old product.

OPA Director Chester Bowles says that everything possible "is being done and will be done to protect the public." We hope this means that he is now prepared to go ahead with the standards program organized consumers have urged for so long. But even if "everything possible" is done at this stage, clothing will continue to be a major problem until the war is over. Clothing rationing and tight production control are now impossible, and low-income families especially will suffer for our failure.

News from Estonia

A correspondent who has recently been in Estonia sends us some interesting notes on conditions in that country. Estonia is now again, of course, firmly inside the USSR. No political activity is permitted hostile to the Communist regime. On the other hand, some deference is shown to local opinion opposed to the too complete or too speedy collectivization of industry and agriculture. Farmers may own their farms, up to a maximum of 74 acres, and may employ labor to help them, in the quantities appropriate to a farm of that size. While all the big industries have been nationalized, those with ten workers or less are allowed to continue under private ownership and operation. This is true of private trade in general and privately owned shops of modest size. The agricultural situation must be somewhat confused, since the Russians broke up the big estates when they first moved into Estonia, then the Germans put them back together again, and now they have once more been broken up.

The Germans wrought terrible destruction in Estonia, many towns being almost destroyed. Half the cows and horses, and two-thirds of the pigs, have been killed or sent out of the country. Reconstruction is under way, amid tremendous activity. In Tallinn, electric power and water supply have been restored and flour mills, bakeries, spinning mills, a cellulose plant and machine-tool plants are already operating. The railroad to Leningrad has been rebuilt and the trains are running. Estonia formerly had a merchant marine and is waiting anxiously for the defeat of Germany so that her sea commerce can be restored. She still has some ships, which are plying in the Pacific. No one can say, of course, whether Russia will permit present conditions in Estonia to be permanent, assuming that she continues in control of that region. If she does, it may give an interesting clue to the realistic modifications of communist theory that she is willing to accept around her borders, for diplomatic purposes.

A Handout to Farmers

Probably few Americans understand the reason for the export subsidies on wheat and cotton recently announced by the War Food Administration. American farmers receive (and are guaranteed by the government) higher prices in the United States than are paid in world markets. The subsidy is a way of sending out the exportable surplus without reducing these prices. It is therefore a bonus to farmers, for producing more than Americans would use, paid at the expense of the consumers and the taxpayers.

Under war conditions, Europe might have to buy the crops anyway, whatever the price charged. We should have to give or send them the money to do so, in so far as we did not lower the price. Therefore it is

Little, in The Nashville Tennessean

The Race

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not a matter of great importance for the moment. What is of more importance is that the farm bloc has by Act of Congress forced agricultural prices so high that the big crop growers have benefited more from the war than any other producing group. If when peace comes we all have to chip in to maintain these high prices, even if such large crops are no longer needed, the city consumers and taxpayers will be heard from. So will the competing crop-growing countries, who can play the export-subsidy game too. In the end the farmers will be the chief sufferers. And in the meantime international trade coöperation will have become economic warfare.

Milo Perkins on Cartels

THE ARTICLE BY Milo Perkins on "Cartels: What Shall We Do About Them?" in the November issue of Harper's takes on added significance because of the similarity between Mr. Perkins' proposals and the position currently taken by the Foreign Trade Council, the Foreign Policy Association and Standard Oil (New Jersey) as expressed by Mr. Gallagher, chairman of the Board, before the Senate O'Mahoney Committee. While undoubtedly not so intended by Mr. Perkins, the article has become part of a widespread attempt to amend the Sherman and Clayton Anti-Trust Acts so as to exempt foreign commerce to which at the present time these laws are explicitly applicable. International industrialists who have been meeting at Rye, New York, are taking the same position as Mr. Perkins, although there have been notable dissents, as for instance that expressed by the delegate from India.

Mr. Perkins is not in favor of cartels. He restates some of the classic examples of their evils with considerable eloquence, but he concludes that "the pressure of circumstances will tend to make us accept cartels because other nations accept them." As a realistic approach, he therefore urges a rearrangement in the line of battle against cartels. His specific proposals are that we break up the "German-dominated cartel system which the Nazis have imposed on European industry the past four years and destroy the power of the huge monopolies in both Germany and Japan"; that we require registration of cartel arrangements with the State Department and that a Board of International Trade, headed by the Secretary of State, be given the power to grant immunity from the Anti-Trust Acts. The Board would review cartel arrangements, and it "would have to reach its decisions quickly."

Mr. Perkins' proposals and those advanced by the Foreign Trade Council and the Foreign Policy Association are based principally on the belief that the rest of the world will insist upon cartelization and that American companies will be unable to compete in a cartelized world unless they are permitted to join the cartels. But the world is going through a transition period. Russia has announced her opposition to the cartel system and so has General de Gaulle. The forces of the underground in Holland and Belgium likewise will probably express their opposition to a system through which their industrialists joined forces with the Nazi companies. And opinion in Great Britain and certainly in the British Empire is not all one way. This is a strange time in our history to conclude that the cartel system in the rest of the world is inevitable.

The system of cartel regulation proposed by Perkins is the traditional proposal made by those wishing to gain immunity from the Sherman Act. No system of passing upon cartel agreements will work unless there is constant supervision over the practices of the companies involved and no paper plan of projected action, as would be provided under a registration system, could give a complete picture of operations. Immunity granted from the Sherman Act for foreign trade would be a grant to private companies worth millions of dollars. It would be a grant to exclude foreign companies from the American market or to keep other American companies from competing in the foreign market. The violations of the Sherman Act charged by the Department of Justice have not involved local foreign restraints but worldwide arrangements which are no more foreign than they are domestic. To give immunity to American monopolies for such practices will be to strengthen monopolies at home and to further the control of the economy of the world by a few companies.

The war is not being fought merely to break up German monopolies, as Mr. Perkins suggests we must do, and yet sanction them at home. The cartel system is not only uneconomic; it is undemocratic. We should be skeptical of any "realistic wave of the future" argument which tells us that a weakening of our democratic institutions is inevitable. To accept the cartel system is one step toward losing the peace.

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Universal Service

GENERAL MARSHALL, speaking for the army, has endorsed universal military service in peacetime. The President appears to be for it, with trimmings. On the whole, the proposal seems to have more substantial support than after the last war—though it still arouses opposition. Any of us who wish to have an influence on the outcome had better make up our minds before too long.

This article is the result of one attempt to do so. Since the writer's examination of most of the arguments both for and against the proposal has convinced him that they are nonsense, it may be well to state at once that he agrees with General Marshall. Whether we are for or against it, however, is of somewhat less importance than why, since our reasons may affect the kind of army we have and the kind of nation we have.

The Wrong Arguments Pro.—Perhaps the most frequent reasons advanced for compulsory universal military training are that it will impart to young men (and women) a desirable discipline, that it will improve their health, that it will give them a sense of service in a common democratic cause, that it will be an important part of their education both for peace and for war. I would rate these reasons at zero or below.

If anyone wants a bulk test of such contentions, he has one before him in the generation which was subjected to military training in 1917 and 1918. The author belongs to this generation He is unaware that his contemporaries are better disciplined, in any sense of the word, than those who preceded or those who followed them. Or that their health is better, or that they have been any more sincere democrats, or have a superior education. He would be glad for enlightenment on these questions from anyone who has evidence to the contrary. That evidence, he would venture to suggest, would be hard to find either in the history of the United States from 1919 to 1932, or in an American Legion convention.

Army life has changed since this writer experienced it, but 99 percent of the GI Joes would probably agree with him that military discipline is good only for an army which has to fight, and for nothing else in the world. It trains men to accord the appearance of respect to all superiors in rank, and to render them instant and unquestioning obedience, regardless of personal feelings or judgment about the intrinsic merits of the superior or his commands. It insists on the performance of hundreds of trivial formalities in appearance, behavior and working routine. It contributes nothing whatever to the self-discipline which is of value in civil life. Doubtless it is the only way to handle millions of men in the field. But it is far from being second nature to Americans, and is almost invariably doffed as easily as the uniform and with far greater alacrity. Furthermore, really good officers, though they may be strict, do not depend for their leadership on formal discipline.

The health of the army depends partly on the exclusion of the unfit, a practice which does nothing to improve the health of the nation, on various inoculations which might be given to anybody in case of need if we had a thorough public-health system, on an adequate diet, which ought to be available to all, and on sufficient sleep and outdoor exercise. Twelve months or less of this once in a lifetime is not going to prevent the development of health hazards either before or afterwards. Some soldiers may have their teeth repaired or other remediable defects improved. Others may acquire venereal disease which they would not have been so likely to encounter in civil life. There is no reason to suppose that the army routine does anything for the mental or emotional health of most of those who experience it; sometimes it produces neurotic injury.

The romantic notion that the man or woman in uniform is inspired by a sense of service to his country may have a foundation when he is confronted by an enemy and has to fight. It could conceivably have some remote connection with reality even in time of peace, if those in the ranks could believe that they were really learning to fight and might need to use their skill. Unfortunately, however, the moments when a soldier can even play at what he supposes an army is for are rare indeed, while the raw recruit is being broken in and when there is no enemy at hand. In the first place, a very large percentage of an army does not consist of combat troops at all. In the second place, a high percentage of the soldier's time is spent in repetitive routine which seems to him, if not completely useless, at least far removed from the excitement of a noble contest. There is nothing romantic about it; it is sheer boredom when it is not hard and apparently purposeless work. Even during war, troops kept too long in camps or barracks almost go crazy.

There is virtually no such thing as education, in the proper sense of the word, in army training. The military word for it—and the entirely accurate word—is "indoctrination." This means a combination of cramming and learning by rote. You learn terms, definitions, the names of infinite numbers of parts of guns and machinery, you are taught specific operations as you might be taught on an assembly line. The purpose is to drill information into you, not to develop re-

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sourcefulness or general competence. Such skill as may come to you results either from your previous experience or from the opportunity to use in action what you have memorized. In peacetime training this opportunity is limited indeed. Not many can subsequently make any use of what the army has taught. From the educational point of view, military training is almost a complete waste of time.

The Wrong Arguments Con. – The usual opposition to military training is based on the supposition that it tends to make a people militaristic and undemocratic, that it leads to war. These contentions seem as senseless as those on the opposite side.

Men who have ever been in the army usually have no longing for any more military obligation, much less for war itself. There are, of course, a few who like it, but for the great majority actual service takes all the romance out of militarism. The militarists are to be found, in any nation, not among the citizen soldiers but among the professional and careerist soldiers. Untrained citizens are far more likely to be light-hearted about war than trained ones. If we must have an army of substantial size, it is far better that it be composed largely of citizen conscripts than that it be a permanent professional establishment.

And while an army is necessarily undemocratic in its organization, many nations have had universal service without losing their democracy thereby. What we must avoid is not an army but a hereditary military caste. Indeed, the fact that a citizen army throws together people of all kinds and conditions enables them to know what their countrymen are like in a way that little else could. It is a sort of melting pot of democracy. If the nation is democratic, the army will be so in essence, provided it is not a separated and insulated institution, as a professional army is likely to be. As long as there is any chance that fighting may occur, it is well that everyone should be ready to bear arms.

The telling argument for universal military service, including men and women, is simply that at least for some time to come it would be wise to have a powerful army. In saying this I assume that we shall need a considerable force if collective security succeeds, and a bigger one if it does not. If this assumption turns out to be wrong, and we need only a small skeletonized force, the argument has no bearing. Those who are conscripted will not like it much, and they will derive from it little benefit. They will, we hope, regard it as a necessary sacrifice to the end of preserving peace. The rest of us should do the same instead of trying to prettify military service with imaginary virtues.

To say this is not to say that we do not need to do all the other things for which universal service is customarily but deceptively recommended. But each of these ends should be sought by the means most appropriate to it. Trying to combine such processes as education for democratic discipline with military training, under army officers, would compromise both. We need to take preparation for possible war seriously, and devote to that end with a single mind whatever time and energy are necessary. We also need to take just as seriously preparation for peace, instead of making the lazy assumption that military service can somehow do it for us. Every young man and woman should participate in both, at the proper time and for the necessary period.

There should be a public-health program, including both preventive medicine and adequate care of the sick, which begins before birth and follows through to the end of life. It should be vitalized by more research into the large areas where medical problems are still unsolved, and by better channels for bringing the best known methods into general practice. With improvement in quality should go access to medical care on the part of everyone. This program should be fortified by improved standards of nutrition and by an economic order which will make it possible for all to achieve these standards. Among other things, a program like this would provide better health among those subject to military service.

The nation certainly does need better discipline for democratic living. How to achieve it is a problem for educators, and for all those who influence either our thinking or our social institutions. This problem will not be solved by any one-shot prescription. The better psychiatrists who have had a chance to examine the soldiers in this war will have something important to tell us about it. It is probable that there are among us too many "mama's boys" who have been brought up to be afraid of getting hurt, and to place their own interests above everything else. Such men do not make either good soldiers or good citizens. Some of them grow up to be "rugged individualists" who cannot coöperate with others or assume their share of responsibility either for the real welfare of those about them or for society. (They may be over-protective of those with whom they identify themselves.)

Certainly educational opportunity, for those qualified to use it, should be extended to all young men and women, right through college and professional or technical school. Universal education should be our goal. And the education provided needs improvement —some would say, complete revision. It is here, if anywhere, that we can, and need to, give young men and women a sense of belonging, a feeling that they are in touch with reality and are expected to contribute something to the common good. If we are to have a revived and extended CCC, it should be an educational rather than a military affair. Even the army itself must rely mainly on our educational institutions to provide the knowledge and skills necessary as a foundation for the specialized and rapidly changing techniques of modern war.

GEORGE SOULE

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The CIO Comes of Age

EVEN THOSE well meaning and stuffy souls in Washington, who "know what's best for labor," without ever having been there, must find some grudging admiration for the wisdom, the maturity and the social responsibility of organized labor, as expressed in the proceedings of the national convention of the CIO last week in Chicago.

(The only unhappiness about the CIO detected by the writer was among the State Department lads in the Homburg hats, who take the long-range view of a global comity, while missing daily opportunities not to be boorish to their neighbors. Assistant Secretary of State Adolph A. Berle was host to the international air conference at the same hotel in which the CIO convention was held, the Stevens. Big as the Stevens is (3,000 rooms), it seemed not big enough to contain the gulf between our State Department and the horny-handed sons of toil. The air conferees tried to muscle the CIO out of their grand ballroom for one of their sessions, but Jimmy Carey, the CIO secretary, refused to be muscled. The State Department had a press room for the British and American correspondents from Washington who were covering the air conference. On the second day of the CIO convention, the State Department placed a prim sign outside its press room cordially inviting labor reporters to stay out. Most of these seedy characters had the wits to mind their manners, and stayed out.)

In summing up the work of the convention, one finds a basic aspiration in each of the important legislative matters discussed by the delegates—the dignity and the security of the individual and his family. You can write about this from many angles, political action, international collaboration, wage standards, housing, public health, reconversion, "jobs for all," but they all come back to the simplicity of the objective which is the essence of the leadership of Phil Murray, that the little people of the world (not just those in the CIO, or even in America) be allowed to shape their lives free from the threats of hunger and unemployment and snug from the bitter winds of race prejudice and discrimination.

The whole program of the CIO was summed up in the first hour of the convention by the Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil, auxiliary bishop of Chicago. Among other things, Bishop Sheil demanded that the Little Steel formula be brought abreast of the cost-of-living chart, for the protection of real wages, and called the idea of an annual wage in industry economically feasible, socially just and a democratic imperative. Bishop Sheil is distinguished among churchmen for practising as well as preaching the doctrines of human equality, and he brought the delegates to their feet cheering when he pleaded with them to continue their assignment to eradicate the "cancer of anti-Semitism" and the evils of discrimination against Negroes and other minority groups.

Perhaps the most important decision for the future made at the convention was the resolution to continue, broaden and strengthen the Political Action Committee as an educational force in the nation, independent of party. The chairman of the committee, Sidney Hillman, was well repaid for the bigoted attacks of the recent campaign by the affectionate, noisy and lengthy ovation he received from the delegates when he reported to them on his adventures in the political woods.

While the direct contact between the CIO and Congress will remain with President Phil Murray in Washington, the PAC will ride herd on public representatives in the national capital, the state capitals and in the cities, publicizing and analyzing the records of our servants, and emphasizing the good as well as the bad performances. The PAC, in short, is going to be our national house dick. A public official of honest convictions and with a genuine interest in the common welfare will need have no more fear of getting pushed around by the PAC than the citizen who goes along the street minding his own business need fear a policeman. But any trimmer, be he administrative, legislative or judicial, who plays with the apostles of disunity, labor-baiting and reaction is probably going to find some PAC literature on his doorstep, particularly if he lives in or represents an industrial district. The campaign of 1944, successful as it was for the PAC, was only a limbering-up workout, and the organization is already looking forward to the local elections of 1945 and the congressional campaign of 1946, when it hopes to nail some more reactionary political scalps on the door of its headquarters on Forty-second Street, New York.

The real spirit of the CIO convention, the spirit in which labor looks upon its organization not as a pressure group, but as a part of the community, was contained in a resolution much of which bears repetition. This resolution went all out in expressing a conciliatory note to employers and stressing the indivisibility of our common welfare. It was entitled "Sixty million jobs and prosperity for all," and was the joint work of President Murray and General Counsel Lee Pressman. It says in part:

> The CIO offers its sincere coöperation to the many forward-looking industrialists and farmers as well as to all other sections of the population to plan and work together

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and with government to formulate the necessary program and policies actually to secure the benefits of the Economic Bill of Rights.

If industry will respect the rights of organized labor, will bargain with the unions in good faith, and will recognize that postwar prosperity must be built upon increasing purchasing power and increased production, our unions will help to preserve industrial peace and will coöperate to the limit to increase the production of goods and services upon which our common prosperity depends.

The common interests of labor, progressive industrialists, farmers and veterans demand a unity of program and action on the part of these groups. There can and there must be a common solution for our mutual problems. With an indestructible unity we can achieve the aspirations of all the people.

To enact this unity, the CIO advocates the following program:

1. A guaranteed annual wage.
2. A board of representatives of industry, labor and agriculture, with full authority to direct the process of demobilization and reconversion.
3. Disposal of surplus property by administrators "who have a complete understanding and appreciation of the need that the purchasers of such property will maintain full production and provide full employment."
4. Supplementary unemployment benefits to bring the maximum to $35 a week, and liberal allowances for the transportation of workers and their families from war jobs back to their homes, or to other jobs.
5. Strengthening of the machinery for international collaboration and world-trade expansion already created at Bretton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks, and the repudiation of the international cartel system of restricted production and artificial price control.

So eager did the CIO seem to be to get along with everybody that it did not even mention the refusal of the AFL to participate in international labor conferences to which the CIO and the Soviet trade unions had been invited. It has been the position of the AFL leaders (although they are losing the appearance of unanimity) that they could not recognize the CIO socially because it was a "rebel movement," and could not sit down with the Communist unions of Russia because they are "not free trade unions as we know them." The CIO in its resolution on the matter simply plugged for a permanent and active international labor movement, and indicated that this would be its objective in a conference that has been called by the British trade unions in London for January.

But there are human limits to anybody's sweetness of nature, and the CIO found some mighty testy words for the public members of the War Labor Board, whom they hold responsible for a sit-down strike in wage cases of the CIO steel workers and other unions. The CIO asked the WLB to straighten up, and "with courage and responsibility determine all issues that may arise between labor and management, and not deny to unions such equitable relief with the pretext of referring such matters back to collective bargaining where that process had previously failed to provide a solution."

Chicago EDWIN A. LAHEY

Academic Freedom in Texas

Real-Estate Values v. Education

BRIEFLY TOLD, the trouble at the University of Texas is an old story. A liberal and progressive president finds himself caught in an ebb tide of reaction. The chairman and dominating figure on the board of regents that appointed him, a man of broad vision and wide experience, is not reappointed to the board by the new biscuit-passing Governor, who instead appoints three new regents with no obvious qualifications but those of wealth and "influence." One of them appears at his first board session with a demand for the immediate discharge of certain "radical" professors.

Two years later the succeeding Governor, another exemplar of the old formula, "poor man's candidate and rich man's friend," makes similar use of his appointing power. Death and resignation still further alter the complexion of the board until the president finds himself confronted by a solid phalanx of repressive conservatism except for one courageous woman member, a lonely holdover from an earlier day.

Over a period of five years, this president has found himself obliged to oppose repressive measures initiated by this board. At last he decides to take his case to "the sovereign people," whereupon he is discharged on the old ground of long continued refusal to "coöperate" with the all powerful board and the new one, that of involving the university in "futile controversy."

But old as it is, the Texas story has a new angle. In fact President Rainey has been guilty of a far more serious crime, one which if carried out would affect real-estate values in Galveston and even perhaps the portfolios of Houston banks. He has proposed to move the medical school—and not to Houston!

When the university was founded, Galveston was second only to New Orleans as a Gulf port and was the

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largest city in the state, while Austin was in the literal sense a small town. Consequently the medical school was quite properly located in Galveston. But with the passage of years the situation has changed completely. Not only has Galveston been passed by several other cities, including Austin; the ship channel has enabled Houston to supplant Galveston as a Gulf port. Thus Galveston has been dwindling while other cities grew.

This change has inevitably raised the question whether the medical school should remain in Galveston. Obviously its removal would be a severe blow to the business interests of that city. Indeed this seems to be clearly indicated by the fact that only recently the Galveston chamber of commerce has retained a former state senator to oppose any and all attempts to move the medical school.

Now a medical school is a very different proposition from a college of liberal arts. It has been the custom in the past for medical schools to permit the doctors who make up their staffs to engage in private practice; and since professors of medicine and surgery are presumably at the top of their professions, their private practice is likely to be among men of substance. Eventually it may even endow the doctors themselves with a substantial equity in the business interests of the community. That such men should assume a proprietary attitude toward the school from which their fortunes stem and to the endowments of which they themselves have often made substantial contributions is not surprising.

The situation in Galveston has been somewhat of this character. Furthermore its institutional pattern has been singularly complicated. The hospital in which the work of the medical school centers was built by a private foundation. Whereas the medical property of the state is valued at $4 million, the property owned by the Sealy-Smith Foundation and used by the medical school is valued at $13 million. This situation was severely criticized by a legislative committee in 1920. Nevertheless in 1929 Dr. Edward Randall, chairman of the board of John Sealy Hospital, vice-chairman of the Sealy-Smith Foundation and professor of Therapeutics since 1891, was appointed to the board of regents of the university.

In 1937 Dr. Randall became chairman of the board. He was then 77 years of age. For some years the position of dean of the medical school had obviously been one of comparative insignificance. But no doubt it seemed wise to provide for the succession; and so a new dean was brought in and installed in office. Apparently this was done by Dr. Randall with very little assistance from other members of the board. The new dean of course was not immediately invested with all the varied powers by which the medical school was ruled. In addition Dr. Randall himself retired from the chairmanship of the board immediately after this incident and from the board itself in 1940.

Obviously the situation in which the new dean found himself was a highly explosive one, and it promptly blew up, not without assistance from the dean himself. When Dr. Rainey became president in 1939, the medical school was already in turmoil. The tale of President Rainey's efforts to deal with this situation is both the most fantastic and the bitterest chapter in the history of his administration. It is much too complicated for rehearsal here, but certain facts invite serious reflection on the part of anyone who wants to understand recent events.

Thus it is worthy of note that all the regents with whom President Rainey has been at loggerheads have been appointed since the Galveston issue, with its background of considerable financial interests, became acute; and that issue has been the major issue of policy throughout this five-year period. After the appointment of the first three of the new regents by Governor O'Daniel in 1941, two of them went immediately to Galveston where they joined the third, who was a Galveston man, in making a two-day "study" of the situation as a result of which they called for the immediate discharge of the dean. When the embroiled dean was finally removed, the board ignored President Rainey in its search for a successor and consulted instead with a committee of four physicians selected for this purpose.

Last July, after five years of service, President Rainey presented the regents with a report on the future development of the university. In this report, along with other recommendations, some of them looking twenty years into the future, he advised the immediate removal of the medical school to Austin and its consolidation with the main university. There is no need to go into the pros and cons of this recommendation. It is an issue on which an honest difference of opinion is certainly possible. Since President Rainey's dismissal, the medical students have voted, 319 to 41, in favor of his proposal. However, the important point is this. The location of the medical school is stipulated in the state constitution and moving it would require a constitutional amendment. What President Rainey proposed, therefore, was that the issue be submitted to the sovereign people. The regents' answer at their first meeting after receiving this report was to reject this proposal and instead to accept the offer of $2 million from the Sealy-Smith Foundation contingent on the school's remaining in Galveston. The medical-school faculty has gone farther in the opposite direction. In a statement released to the press on Wednesday morning, November 22, they have expressed confidence in the "judgment and wisdom" of the university board of regents, meaning the board which has dismissed President Rainey.

It was rumored in September that a majority of the regents planned to remove President Rainey at that

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same meeting, after which they would submit their own resignations to the Governor, who would express his confidence in them by reappointing them, and that they were persuaded by the Governor to postpone this action until after the election. President Rainey was not removed in September. In October other events occurred which prompted him to make a public statement charging the regents with a series of actual and attempted restrictions of academic freedom and intrusions into the internal administration of the university. For this he was dismissed, after which three regents resigned. They have not been reappointed, and no others have resigned.

The restrictions of academic freedom have been serious enough. As everybody who cares already knows, they have included the dropping of three economics instructors for seeking (unsuccessfully) to correct the declaration that "while our boys are dying on Bataan," etc., etc., we have a law on our statute books which says "that workers in defense industries should not work more than forty hours a week." (This declaration occurred in a full-page advertisement in The Dallas News by which citizens were summoned to a "WE WANT ACTION!" mass meeting. This occurred in the spring of 1942 when similarly "spontaneous" mass meetings were being held in many cities as the result of an effort led by the then president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States to obtain the passage of amendments to the Wages and Hours Act, then before the Smith Committee of the House. The Dallas meeting, though spontaneous in appearance, was sufficiently well organized in advance so that the instructors were informed by its "chairman" that no volunteer speaking would be permitted.) Another similar action of the board was the emasculation of the "tenure rule" which stood in the way of summary dismissal of radical professors.

These attacks on academic freedom have united students, faculty and alumni as they have never been united before in the determination that such assaults shall cease forever—a demand of which the reinstatement of President Rainey is the only adequate expression. It seems impossible that the people of Texas should desire anything else. Nevertheless the fact should not be overlooked that of the four new regents whose appointment has just been announced, one to fill a vacancy caused by death, two are prominent and substantial big-city physicians who were members of the regents' advisory committee of four. Both are long since publicly committed to retention of the medical school in Galveston. One is a Houston man.

Austin, Tex. C. E. AYRES

Governor Dewey's Future

THOMAS E. DEWEY is still running for President of the United States.

Whether, during the next four years, he can do the unprecedented and again win the Republican nomination will depend largely upon two factors: (1) Can he get himself reëlected Governor of New York? (2) Will the fact that he has no war record fatally handicap him?

The answer to these questions may lie in the countless imponderables which beset every public figure. New York's old-line Democrats and New Dealers may be unable to agree on a suitable liberal candidate, thus repeating the fiasco of 1942, when the Democrats put up an ineffective candidate, the American Labor Party put up Dean Alfange, and Dewey won easily. Veterans just returning from the wars may not be sufficiently organized by 1948 to enforce their demands. New personalities may arise in the GOP ranks who so far outshine Dewey that he may not even be considered.

But assuming that politics continues to follow a somewhat regular course and that Dewey avoids any serious friction with other Republican leaders, it would be sheer delusion to count him out at the present time. For whatever else Dewey may be, he is persistent. His recent defeat will not swerve him from his course. His friends are fond of pointing out that the first Hines cases ended in a mistrial, that Dewey was defeated when he first ran for Governor and that he lost the 1940 nomination to Willkie. But he is great on the second run.

However that may be, no conjecture as to Dewey's future can be made without first understanding and appraising his course during the recent campaign. Neither he nor Herbert Brownell Jr., Republican National Committee chairman, was a brilliant or spectacular strategist. But they were thorough. An evaluation of their work shows that they rebuilt the thrice-beaten and almost defunct Republican national organization into an effective political machine.

From a Republican point of view, Dewey made few mistakes. He never alienated the Old Guard. He was careful not to advance ideas offensive to the party's reactionary rank and file. He gave the impression, to Republicans anyhow, that he was politically more mature than Willkie. He did not repudiate the local bosses, the Senator Nyes, Stephen Days and the other tory isolationists whom the voters themselves turned down.

Dewey and his associates are said to be calculating men. They certainly knew that failure to shun the isolationists would cost them the support of liberal

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Republicans such as Russell Davenport and Bartley Crum. But the way they figured it, the best to be obtained from the Willkieites was passive silence. The isolationists and anti-Roosevelt extremists could be counted upon to work. The convinced workers are the ones who get out the votes.

Moreover, it is not unreasonable to suppose that throughout this campaign Dewey had his eyes as much on 1948 as on 1944. Except for the last few days when he received glowing reports from Governor Martin of Pennsylvania and may have indulged himself in the luxury of thinking he could possibly win, Dewey was under no illusions. He never once told correspondents that he expected to carry this or that state. Whenever he opened up on the subject he contented himself with quoting some local authority. He was careful never to say whether he agreed.

On the basis of private talks he had with numerous Republican moguls it is accurate to say that Dewey believed he had only an outside chance to win. While he could not appreciate the argument that he lacked the experience necessary to lead the nation, Dewey fully understood the handicaps under which he was running. Even though he repeated again and again and again that it was "time for a change," he realized that many voters were reluctant to gamble in the midst of war.

Reviewing the campaign dispassionately, it might be said the only major Dewey-Brownell mistake was in circulating the "Clear it with Sidney" line. Its attendant anti-Semitism served to unify his liberal and labor opponents and spurred them into action in the key industrial states where their strength counted heavily. But his continual reference to topsy-turvy Washington with its many quarreling agencies was extremely effective—probably his most telling argument.

To the voters at large Dewey may not have appeared bold, big, good-humored or too well informed. But neither did he appear unintelligent. In the Republican Party, where there is much money and many good haters, intelligence is still at a premium.

On the New York State front Dewey was quick to congratulate the voters on returning an overwhelmingly Republican legislature. In itself a perfunctory gesture, it was a tip-off to hostile Republican legislative leaders that Dewey would like to make peace. There are indications in Republican circles that Dewey will make other, more meaningful, gestures in the not too distant future.

To begin with, he will attempt to keep national headquarters functioning on a full-time basis. Either Brownell or some other Dewey appointee will continue as national chairman. The function will be to give continuous ideological leadership. Ostensibly it will be aimed at preparing the ground for recouping the party's congressional losses in 1946. Actually it will be to keep the Dewey machine intact. At best this is going to be difficult. It will be made easier by the fact that Joseph Pew, the multi-millionaire oil man, still has faith in the '44 nominee. Money probably will not be lacking.

Since he still has two more years to serve as Governor of New York, Dewey will have adequate opportunity to remain in the limelight. Moreover, he is expected to have many things to say about domestic and international affairs, now that he does not coyly have to pretend he has no further political ambitions. He probably will take pains to avoid the appearance of another Willkie, but he will make a determined effort to eradicate the isolationist aroma which surrounded him during the campaign.

He will undoubtedly have much to say about the shape of the peace. He may be expected to deplore "secret diplomacy," a theme he did not adequately develop during the campaign. He can be counted upon to favor restoration of worldwide opportunities for American business, favoring a form of sugar-coated cartelism. He is apprehensive over the growing influence of the Soviet Union, and to counter it he may appear once again as the champion of "small nations." He seems to have few ideas about the Far East or Latin America. Naturally he will oppose "the spread of communism," but it is unlikely that he will offer any democratic alternatives. He is certain to favor "international coöperation."

On the home front Dewey is apt to be more reticent. But strong hints have come from sources close to him that he shuns the role of "reactionary." Pains have been taken to let reporters know that if he were to do it all over again, he would like to have the voters know that his West Coast speeches, particularly the San Francisco speech, represented his broad outlook on national affairs. It was at San Francisco that he donned the mantle of the moderate liberal who believes that much of the early New Deal was socially desirable. At Los Angeles he was outdoing the New Deal on social security.

But it is among the homefolk in New York State that Dewey will have his hands full. Here again he appears to have anticipated what is in store and to have a course of action mapped out, although it is subject to change without further notice.

He will find, for example, that the once smoothly running Republican machine is in a serious state of disintegration. Edwin F. Jaeckle, the state boss, has resigned. Political observers are still somewhat mystified at his action. Some say he could not face the Governor's wrath for failing to deliver Buffalo and Erie County, where he is also local party chairman. Others say that Jaeckle was constantly hamstrung by Dewey and just got fed up. It is true that Dewey appointed a state campaign manager, without regard for Jaeckle's views, and also hand-picked the Republican senatorial candidate.

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However, Jaeckle was never a first-rate political boss, although he, J. Russel Sprague, the Nassau County leader, and Brownell, made an effective team. Jaeckle lacked tact. He aroused resentment among Catholics for his purge of Representative Joseph Mruk, a leader in Buffalo's Polish community. He irritated the other county bosses. All these things account for Dewey's increasing coolness. But when Dewey comes to choosing a successor he will find the other local leaders less inclined to bow to his will than in previous years. For the first time since 1938 they will not have to regard Dewey as a white hope. They will undoubtedly exploit their advantage.

Dewey's relations with the state legislature are expected to be under a serious strain. New York's Republicans are noted for their individualism. For two years Dewey has ruled the legislature with an iron hand. No bill was passed without his consent, on even the most trivial matters. The leaders were handed prepared bills right on the floor which they never had seen before, and told to get them through. Dewey ignored their counsel on the few occasions when he sought it. His associates went over their heads to the county bosses, belittled their ability, besmirched their integrity and in other ways aggrieved them. This year Dewey can ill afford a legislative revolt. But there are unmistakable signs that such a rebellion is brewing.

Still another problem facing Dewey is with the electorate itself. New Yorkers are politically sophisticated and Republican conduct during the campaign deeply offended them. This was especially true of independents and of Republicans such as Councilman Stanley Isaacs of New York City. For example, the Governor personally chose the reactionary Secretary of State, Thomas J. Curran, to oppose Senator Wagner. Curran's previous legislative experience had been two years as alderman. It was a too obvious bid for Irish and Catholic votes. The ruse failed, even in such regions as Queens County. Curran, who was expected to give strength to the ticket, lagged behind Dewey. Dewey's failure to repudiate the McCormicks, Pattersons and Gannetts won him the reactionary label. Even conservative upstate New York let him down badly. He has a long way to go to restore his personal prestige.

But Dewey has several cards in his hand. He is going out to cripple, if not destroy, the Democratic Party in New York State by proving that it is boss-ridden and corrupt. The investigation by the Albany Special Prosecutor, George P. Monaghan, claims to have evidence of corruption, juggling of tax assessment rates, bribery, undue influencing of judicial opinions, and the ordinary stealing of elections. Several of Boss Dan O'Connell's men face court action soon.

This promises to be a bitter fight. The O'Connells have loyally supported the President, more regularly than some of the downstate Democratic bosses. If it can be said there are degrees of political corruption, it is probably true that the O'Connell machine bears faint resemblance to Mayor Hague's Jersey City apparatus. Tyranny such as is associated with Hague has not been uncovered, if it exists. But in the governing of the county since the early twenties, the establishment of a local business monopoly in the distribution of beer and ale, and similar economic matters, the O'Connells admittedly have a stranglehold.

However, Dan O'Connell has been forewarned since Dewey first ran for Governor in 1938 that the ex-prosecutor was gunning for him. He has had ample opportunity to put his house in order and it is possible that the Monaghan case may collapse in court.

A similar assault against Democratic leaders in the legislature appears to be shaping up. The Hiram Todd investigation into illicit legislative expenditures has suddenly been directed against several Democrats. For example, associates of Irwin Steingut, minority Assembly leader, have been questioned about huge sums of money he allegedly received from a race-track figure and a former burlesque magnate. When Todd started his inquiry, he went after a former Republican Senator, charged with demanding salary kick-backs from his employees. However, he was acquitted. This time Todd apparently is first building up his case to the accompaniment of press publicity. No further court actions have yet been indicated.

The legislative investigation can serve a dual purpose for Dewey. It will not only aid in his all-out assault on the Democrats, but will also help him to keep recalcitrant Republicans in line. It is common knowledge that after two decades of nearly uninterrupted rule some Republicans have strayed from the path of virtue.

Dewey will also find to his advantage the Hillman-Dubinsky split in New York City. He will, of course, assail the Communist-influenced New York City American Labor Party. In the hope that the Liberal Party's anti-Communist ardor will overcome their distrust of him, several Dewey men are putting out feelers to that group. One reputable New York reporter has gone so far as to offer odds that Dewey will even make gestures to Sidney Hillman, whose support he had in 1937 when he ran for district attorney.

Dewey will not be content to be a mere titular head of the Republican Party. He is much too serious-minded, fearful of scandals and determined to reach his ultimate goal, to relax his controls. In view of his problems in New York State, it will be a man-sized job, but with no one yet emerging to challenge his leadership, it would be inaccurate to describe his position as desperate.

He will have to play his cards close to his chest. But he has shown some aptitude along these lines.

ROBERT G. SPIVACK

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Washington Notes

60 Million Jobs

HENRY J. KAISER came out of the White House the other day after talking to the President, smilingly speaking of "our program." When reporters asked what he meant, he said he was referring to the Roosevelt postwar hope of seeing an America with 60 million jobs.

Mr. Roosevelt outlined his views in his Chicago campaign speech, October 28, when he included half a dozen or more major objectives. One of them was the creation of future TVA's in various additional American watersheds.

It is interesting to take this specific idea for a minute to show that it was no sudden campaign improvisation on the President's part. As a matter of fact, at a press conference after the election, in discussing something quite different, the President explained that he could now draw a map of the United States with those additional half dozen TVA's "in his sleep," so many times had he been over the matter with his experts.

After watching Mr. Roosevelt through four campaigns and listening to most of his speeches, I have evolved the theory that there is generally a key to the next four years in one of his addresses. Certainly the Commonwealth Club speech in California, in 1932, outlined the far-reaching New Deal. It all sounded like fanciful campaign oratory to the sophisticated reporters who heard it—until it all came true. Then in 1936 Mr. Roosevelt gave a pretty broad hint of his forthcoming Supreme Court battle. And now, in the campaign just concluded, there was the Chicago speech. It was given under the glare of many lights before 100,000 people in the great Soldiers' Field stadium, with the wind playing off the lake.

Well, the plan will depend on the war, future conferences with Stalin and Churchill, the reaction of Congress and the mood of the public. But the basic object of the plan is full employment, and this, interpreted, means "60 million productive jobs." This requires both domestic and international action.

The Roosevelt program at home requires a big measure of federal aid and centralization. For political reasons, I think, Mr. Roosevelt did not directly state this, though it is implied. Indeed, what he said was, "I believe that private enterprise can give full employment to our people." I don't know whether Mr. Roosevelt really believes this or not, or whether he wanted it to be taken with the many qualifications of his context. Actually, of course, most economists agree that neither private enterprise alone nor government alone can produce full employment, and the two will be lucky to do it together, even with the most cordial coöperation. At any rate, the rest of the Chicago speech implied at a dozen points either governmental support for private enterprise, or governmental initiative in the first place. On the tax and financial front he urged federal aid, to "finance expansion" of industrial plant, and tax benefits to stimulate new production. He set a construction goal at a "million homes a year for at least ten years," with the government promoting low-cost housing for lowest income groups. On the public-works front he named all the standard projects, highways, parkways, new airports, hospitals, etc., and threw in "a new merchant marine" for expanded world trade. He advocated federal support of farm prices and a permanent FEPC. And then he recommended a batch of new TVA's—the Missouri, the Arkansas, the Columbia—which he expanded later at a White House press conference. Incidentally, of course, the fight for Mr. Roosevelt's St. Lawrence Waterway began again promptly after November 7.

Those were the highlights of the domestic program. There is nothing particularly original about them, except, perhaps, their imaginative scope. There is complete political silence on how the thing is to be financed. There is no reference to the new economic ideology that is dividing the world into two camps, the Keynes-Beveridge-Hansen school and the budget-balancing orthodox school. Mr. Roosevelt merely says that the country can supply "full employment." What is of monumental importance, however, is his accompanying implication that he is going to supply it by whatever means are necessary. This is, indeed, one of the biggest implications that ever came down the pike. Mr. Roosevelt doesn't have to go into abstract theory if he really accepts that implication. It is hard to find anything in the Chicago speech which would not fit into the general planned-economy pattern which Britain is now evolving under the Keynes-Beveridge schemes.

So much for the domestic side. The international side is just as important. It requires world prosperity. At Chicago Mr. Roosevelt spoke of "trebling" America's postwar foreign trade. Well, foreign nations can buy and sell if they have credit, if their productive machinery is restored, if America's tariffs are not too high and if they can become going concerns again. Full employment at home has a stake in all these things.

Here again there is every indication from recent developments that Mr. Roosevelt accepts the implication of his words and will try to carry them out if Congress lets him. I understand that the Keynes mission has paved the way for a Lend-Lease arrangement after Germany falls that will permit a partial reconversion of British factories to civilian production. Big foreign credits are being prepared, either direct or through instruments like the new world bank or the export-import bank. The State Department, through Charles P. Taft, has already begun agitation for repeal of the Johnson Act, now prohibiting private loans. America is preparing to take her position as world banker.

No President ever fully gets his way with Congress and Mr. Roosevelt will have plenty of obstacles in the days ahead. This is a plan, furthermore, based chiefly on the trial-and-error method, a plan as to which Mr. Roosevelt either does not know, or is disinclined to state, the sacrifices and disciplines involved in achieving the ultimate goal of full employment. He has painted the purpose but has not attempted to educate the public in the problems which must be solved to achieve its success.

Only the future will show how seriously Mr. Roosevelt takes his own program. But as to the program itself, the two parts fitted together make one of the biggest recovery plans ever conceived.

Washington T. R. B.

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B-Plus

A MURDER FILM made by Monogram for $50,000 (a sum considered as money in terms of modern Hollywood production, but just barely; its filming, which took seven days, is close to as fast as a movie director dares go), called "When Strangers Marry," is about as human a movie as I have seen this year. Its best scenes, which express some of the solemn melancholia of being troubled and lonely in a strange city, occur in a story that tells the harassing experiences of a young girl trying to find her husband in New York and what happens when she finds him and has to help him hide from a murder charge. It realizes its hostile environment without using a gingerbread house, dark warehouses or somebody's staircase, and torments its people without starving them or threatening to shoot their kinfolk. The girl and her husband hide out in what seems the kind of desolate apartment building such a couple would get into, the kind that nobody seems to own and in which nobody seems to belong, neat and hard, with dull, flat, gray light in the rooms where a few heavy pieces of furniture are widely separated. The people do a lot of depressed standing around without saying anything witty, which not only is treating their situation honestly but has a markedly fine effect on the film. Neither of them is considered as exceptional in any way—the girl is as close to small-town innocence as Hollywood gets (even here it is more like finishing-school sensitivity and niceness), and the husband is surprisingly dull, suppressed and frozen. The mood, which is almost the whole picture, even approaches a real sense of alienation.

The movie is as economical as it is human, since its action is on an extremely small scale, with hardly any of the usual suspense mechanisms like hunts, clues or detection. However, it is one of the best mysteries of the year. Aside from the apartment-house scenes it has only a few skit-like moments: at a Share-a-Ride agency (where an unnamed actor turns up one of the few performances of a driver that isn't composed of a mild little Irishman trying to be tough, Brooklynesque and comic all at the same time); at a Harlem jazz dive, as usual; at a Coney Island mental wizard's act; and a few brushes with the police. In all of these there is the common movie mistake of seeing all the people and the environment as equally droll, quaint and productive of an "experience." But even this material seems fresher and less annoying than similar devices used in other films. In fact the whole thing seemed original to me, compared to movies like "Double Indemnity," "Laura" or "Phantom Lady." Though it has certain unsuccessful embellishments that are mainly snatched from German expressionism—such as a face moving almost through the camera, a cross-section of a hotel showing the rise of an elevator from bottom to top, or a scary walk through a park underpass with crescendoing footsteps and the girl's hallucinations dissolving on the walls—it is the least arty of the films mentioned above.

The script is cut down to the bone and a little further, so that it is hard to find any of the villain's character and little more than goodness in the others. But it only stumbles at the dénouement (an old-fashioned stumble so inevitable you take it for granted). Whoever did the casting tried for actors who look as if they belong to some other profession besides acting and to some other income bracket than high middle class or higher, and they act adequately in addition to being credible (the unprofessional stiffness in the leads adds to the frustrated mood that seems good in the film). Bob Mitchum, a sardonic, cold-faced person, is the most interesting. William Castle's direction projects the story as an actuality rather than as something being enacted for a camera, director or audience, and he seldom jumbles a sound image and a visual one at the same moment with the same force. His perceptions don't go as far and are not as original as the early Hitchcock's, but he has much of Hitchcock's light, sharp control of story-telling and technique, which is apparent in how much he accomplishes in this movie's first two or three minutes. That includes the murder, the character of the victim, the motive and the presentation of the problem, plus a degree of terror achieved on almost every shot by irritating sound, cutting or grotesque and surprising image.

"When Strangers Marry" hits just about everything it aims at; as a mystery it puzzled me more than a lot of other movie mysteries have, and altogether it seems to me an intended bunt that scored about a triple.

MANNY FARBER

The New War Play

The Streets Are Guarded, by Lawrence Stallings. Henry Miller's Theatre, November 20, 1944.

THE SIGNS would seem to be that Lawrence Stallings' new play, coming now so long after the First World War and "What Price Glory?," will not repeat that earlier success. This is a pity, because "The Streets Are Guarded" is more literate by far than most of the war plays we have been getting. It has a better perspective, taste and level of intelligence. The trouble is that Mr. Stallings' work throughout most of the first act would read better than it plays. A good many of the moments are not distinctly projected, and the dialogue when spoken is not only without emphasis, but at times is pretty hard to follow, in fact now and then incomprehensible. And the introduction of the young-woman theme complicates matters by being unexplored, undeveloped and unwritten. The rest of the play is subtly conceived, moving and most compelling.

We have a young Dutch nurse who has escaped the Japanese when the family for whom she was governess were taken away. She and one of the men marooned on the island are in love, otherwise she has avoided the lot of them. The emotions that all this implies for her, the experience at least, cannot be left as untouched as Mr. Stallings leaves it if we are to believe at all in the story or expect to see the role expressed in acting terms.

"The Streets Are Guarded" opens with the Marine's father being allowed by the admiral to hear a wounded Pharmacist's Mate give an account of his son's career in the South Pacific. The story turns then to the scene there. Something like seven people have been hidden away on this jungle island, one of them wounded and down with malaria. A Marine comes who has been hiding out from the enemy on the neighboring island and after the death of his captain has escaped. His purpose is to search for and

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round up other Marines. From then on it is his story, a raid on the island, the killing of a general and capture of quinine and sulfa drugs, et cetera. In answer to a call from a Japanese radio set they have also captured, the American admiral appears. The Marine is due for a furlough but pleads to be given the new raiding mission. The play switches back to the first scene; the father hears that his son had not been found again, but may for all we know still be wandering somewhere out there, who knows where, or when or what. The play ends on a quite fine passage about the return of these young saints some day who have given so much, and the hope is expressed that we may be worthy of them and not be mere despised sinners. This general idea, of course, has been in other war plays, but Mr. Stallings' is a much more gripping and tender and imaginative expression of it.

The performance of the company for the most part showed no acting at all. What you got consisted of keeping your hands dead at your sides when standing, or otherwise being intermittently and suddenly realistic, and talking lines in an expected manner. It is likely that audiences will soon think this is acting and resent, as many already do, any evidence of the theatre medium that might appear. Miss Jeanne Cagney as the young lady reminded you constantly of Annabella, now in "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," who whatever else may be admired in her cannot be said to be anything but a wooden and inflexible player. Mr. Morton L. Stevens as the wounded man had considerable vitality in his effects. Mr. Paul Crabtree—if he is the one who plays the young man who is from Virginia and wants to go home—has good, genuine talent. Mr. Phil Brown as the Marine, the leading part, plays with a highly unusual technical grasp and a fine continuity of approach to his scenes. His performance is sensitive, keen, very convincing and magnetic. He has brains. It is hard to imagine either the play or the part without him.

Comparisons with "What Price Glory?," in which Mr. Stallings and Maxwell Anderson shared honors for the most memorable play for the First World War, are inevitable. It is obvious that this new play is well behind the other in vigor of writing, in variety and in the whole force of its impact. No use dwelling on that except to say one thing. You could, if you wished to, very largely exonerate this play of the Second World War because of the fact that it has much less to go on, less of the general tide to carry it, less of the surrounding pressure and excitement and conviction, than a play written from the other war could take advantage of, for spiritual nourishment, intense material and certainty of passionate appeal. Anyone old enough can recall the violence of the talk, the high faith, the debased suspicion, the violent theories, the hates, prejudice, credulity and what not that could be met at almost any turn during those days. Now it is common to be in a diversified company of people and not hear the war mentioned. On bus or subway you are not likely to hear a word of it. You hear few accusations, few enthusiasms, and so on and so forth. What people are feeling or thinking to themselves may or may not be another matter; it does not supply living material for a dramatist. Save only among the men themselves, the young, the fighters—who knows? All this involves another discussion, but my point here as to the dramatist is sharply taken. STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

His [Fadiman's] language reported against Clare Boothe Luce, if true, will lose many friends for this man, who, we long have suspected, thinks Russia is a darned good country, and Joe Stalin's system of government worthy in many respects. – *From The St. Joseph, Mo., News-Press.*

"I don't like strikes," she said. "I don't think very high-class people go on strike. They are mostly trash like miners and those people who work at Curtiss-Wright." – *Statement of a non-striker in the Ohio Bell Telephone strike, as interviewed by PM.*

"The children in the streets of Brooklyn can lick the toughest playwright in the world, so I challenge Coward to fight my wife," said Sgt. Peter Olson. – *UP dispatch from Paris on the reaction of Brooklyn troops to Noel Coward's criticism in his "Middle East Diary."*

Accept No Substitute

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– *Head and subhead in The Chicago Tribune.*

Fraternité

The situation has reached a point where members of the American armed forces are paying French civilians more than $2 a package for cigarettes whose label declares them to be for the use of the American armed forces only. – *Russell Hill in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The AP and the CIO-PAC

SIR: Here is a little more comment on the role of the Associated Press in the election, discussed in my article "Gang-Up on the PAC" (The New Republic, October 30).

On the morning of October 18, the New York Bureau of the AP phoned me concerning a story they had just released on their wires stating that Charles Bolline, president of local 229, United Automobile Workers (CIO), of Plainfield, New Jersey, had announced that more than a thousand members of his union had voted against making contributions to CIO-PAC.

Another "revolt" story, with the usual charges of "coercion." It had originated, incidentally, in The Plainfield Courier-News, a Frank Gannett newspaper.

The AP asked me for "comment."

At 6:20 that evening (October 18), I sent them some comment, in the form of a statement given to me by Mr. Bolline in which he branded this whole story as completely false. The statement left the CIO-PAC office by special messenger.

The following morning I inquired of the AP what had happened to this Bolline statement, which disclosed that this was another phony "revolt." I was told that the AP had killed it. Their stated reason was that someone on the AP had talked

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with Mr. Bolline by telephone and had been told that he repudiated this second statement and stood by the "revolt" story.

I immediately phoned Mr. Bolline and was told that this was not true, that he stood by his statement branding the "revolt" story as false, and further, that he had brought a copy of this denial to the Gannett newspaper in Plainfield the preceding evening with a demand that they print it as their retraction on page one, to give it equal display with the first and false story.

As proof, Mr. Bolline sent me a clipping from the Gannett Plainfield paper of October 19 (the next issue following their first report). This carried their retraction, in the form of the Bolline denial, the same that the AP had refused to release. In it Mr. Bolline said, among other things: "The entire purported statement which has been attributed to me is false from beginning to end and is obviously part of the familiar reactionary attempt to smear PAC. . . ." This the Gannett paper printed, with further comment by Bolline to the effect that there was no opposition in the union to the PAC, but, on the contrary, complete coöperation.

I phoned the AP again, giving them this information, but again was told that they wouldn't release the story. I then brought the matter to the attention of Kent Cooper, AP executive director, and Alan Gould, assistant general manager, in a letter dated October 26.

As yet, neither Mr. Cooper nor Mr. Gould has replied.

New York City FRED MAGUIRE

SIR: Thank you for the opportunity to comment on Mr. Maguire's letter.

As I have told Mr. Maguire a number of times, we feel that in covering any dispute between a local labor leader and a national organization, we should get the local labor leader's side of the story from the local labor leader, and the national organization's side of it from the national organization.

Our Newark bureau got the Plainfield story from our Plainfield correspondent but also checked it direct with Mr. Bolline before putting the story on the wires. Shortly after the story had been transmitted, we asked Mr. Maguire for comment from the CIO-PAC. He gave us two paragraphs of comment, and this was sent immediately (a fact which Mr. Maguire fails to mention in his letter).

Later Mr. Maguire sent us a statement which he said Mr. Bolline had made repudiating his earlier announcement. Naturally we did not put on the wires a statement purporting to come from one party in a controversy but actually coming to us from the other party. But our Newark office, advised of the statement from Mr. Maguire, checked Mr. Bolline himself, again by phone. And again they were told by Mr. Bolline that our original story was all right.

VICTOR HACKLER, Chief of New York Bureau,
New York City The Associated Press

SIR: The facts regarding the Plainfield, New Jersey, situation as detailed by Fred Maguire are correct.

The story that was attributed to me that I said that 1,000 members of Local 229 UAW (CIO) had revolted against the PAC was false. My statement so branding that report was given by me to Fred Maguire, who sent it to the Associated Press. In addition, I brought a copy of my statement to The Plainfield Courier-News with a demand that they publish it as their retraction of the original story published on October 18. The Courier-News did so publish the retraction on October 19. Furthermore, no one from The Associated Press has called me regarding this statement.

CHARLES M. BOLLINE
Plainfield, N. J. President, Local 229 UAW (CIO)

Our Thirtieth Anniversary

SIR: May one of your original subscribers herewith offer congratulations on the current, and notable, anniversary. And not without some emotion am I able to say a tenth of what ought to be said. Not only from my personal viewpoint, but on the score of public opinion, I wonder if you people in the editorial rooms know what a magnificent job The New Republic has done? Through these many hard, long years of obstinate opposition, The New Republic has been reproof, enlightenment and incitement; and what its influence has been, and what the awakening by reason of its keen intelligence, are not to be written by my poor pen. I am confident that its columns had much to do with this election's finale, since not in partisan noise, but by sane insight, was the whole matter laid before its readers. I could wish that the President would now express his sense of obligation.

Again, my felicitations and confident hopes for continued brilliant success—not in sentimentality, but truly, I wish to say God bless The New Republic.

Pittsburgh, Pa. MARY E. BAKEWELL

SIR: I have had it in mind for some time to write you and the anniversary has crystallized the idea.

It has seemed to me that you have turned out a better magazine of late than ever before; and I began to read it with the first number, most of the time as a subscriber. Sometimes I have let my subscription lapse when I experimented with another liberal journal because I was afraid that I was letting you form my opinions or because I thought that you were getting "scoldy." But I always came back, and during my lapses I didn't play fair with myself but bought The New Republic at the newsstands. . . .

My copy is read each week by three others after I am finished.

Accept my congratulations and good wishes for the future.

Westport, Conn. I. M. BEARD

SIR: You may not care for compliments, but I can't resist telling you how swell your paper is, and this week's issue (November 20) I regard as 100-percent perfect as an example of what a liberal weekly should be. It has everything—a cheerful reporting of what is hopeful (often deplorably lacking in our weeklies), coupled with a searching account of dangers. Jim Loeb's article is magnificent—Mezerik, Cowley (delightful), the Goodmans—all the reviews—and the editorial comment—everything seemed to set a new high.

Congratulations and thanks.

New York City MARY DICKSON

SIR: I note from your latest issue that this is your thirtieth anniversary, and, as a very, very old subscriber, may I congratulate you and send all my best wishes for the future.

As to your great influence for good and progress, there is no question whatever. If any organization—I think I should say, institution—has a right to feel proud of itself, it is The New Republic.

The coincidence of your anniversary and the results of the recent election is a happy one, as probably never before has what you have stood for been so fully vindicated as at the polls on November 7.

For the moment, at least, you are not a prophet crying in the wilderness, and you are with honor in your own country. May this be a happy augury for the future!

But, whatever the honors of the moment, and let the chips fall where they may, long may The New Republic flourish as an inspiration and guide—The New Republic, always courageous and of pure intention and, as nearly as may be, right.

Utica, N. Y. DWIGHT C. PITCHER

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"The Rainbow"

SIR: Mr. Manny Farber's review of "The Rainbow" [The New Republic, November 6] is really an insult to your readers as well as to the Russian people, of whose epic sufferings and heroism it records but one terrible episode.

Alexandra Drayman was a Russian woman, who went out to live in the woods and cook for the guerrillas when her native village was occupied by the Germans. She was pregnant, and only at the very last minute returned to her village to have her baby. The Nazis caught her and tortured her to make her reveal the whereabouts of the guerrilla band. They drove her barefoot through the snow at night, poking her with bayonets. They threw her into a freezing shed, where her baby was born. Next morning the German commandant called her in and offered her her baby's life in return for the information about her comrades. When she refused, he murdered the baby before her eyes. Then they murdered her and threw her into the river.

This story is true. So is the story of Maidanek, with its poison chambers, its death ovens, its hundreds of thousands of pairs of shoes of men, women and babies, stripped from them before they were murdered and carefully stacked and classified to be sent on order to different parts of Germany.

Wanda Wassilevska wrote a novel about what happened to Alexandra Drayman and the others in the village, a novel based on what has happened to millions of Russian people, and she also wrote the film version, which faithfully follows the novel. This picture is perhaps as close as the American people will ever come to the reality of what the Russian people have endured.

But your reviewer is not impressed by the cruelty of the Nazis, who, he whines, "are shown only as craven murderers who confine their killing to babies, children, mothers and wounded prisoners." The millions of bodies of babies, children, mothers and wounded prisoners which American correspondents have seen in the mass graves they have looked into are sufficient answer to this. And we need no reminder from Mr. Farber that these child-murderers are also the soldiers of that Wehrmacht which has meant the deaths of millions of soldiers of all the United Nations, including thousands of our American men.

Your reviewer *is* impressed by the "cruel-mindedness" of the Russians—especially of the Russian woman who thinks a quick death too easy a punishment for the Nazis who have tortured and murdered her own countrymen, her own fellow townsmen and her own son.

Mr. Farber is not judging this picture from a technical or an artistic point of view. Through his review he is making a treacherous attack on our Russian ally and a plea for a soft peace for our Nazi enemies. It seems to me this is a pretty bad blot on The New Republic's record, which should be wiped out by sending some honest, intelligent and humane person to see this picture and report on what it really means.

New York City JESSICA SMITH

SIR: I am sure, as I was long before I saw "The Rainbow," that the kind of event treated in it has occurred over and over where the Nazis have been. But "The Rainbow's" treatment of this event seems to me as brutal and evil in purpose as it could be. I think this because it tries to strip its characters, and moreover its audience, of every feeling and thought except cold, clear murderousness, revenge and hate. Its encouragement of this blind emotion seems to me as dangerous and intolerable as it has been shown to be in the practice of it by the Nazis. Every note in "The Rainbow" attempts to hit that place in you that will make you feel there is one thing to know about Germans (or about this war)—that those Germans are all craven murderers, and that there is one thing to do about them: kill them. I don't believe in either idea.

But this is not the whole extent of "The Rainbow's" simplification. It doesn't make the least effort to examine the murderousness it brands all Germans with, nor to wonder what the consequences will be of its unrestricted program for killing German prisoners. At every point "The Rainbow" tries to narrow, if not obliterate, intelligence and feeling and to freeze both at the level of hate by repetition of the kind of incident Miss Smith mentions, hoping you will accept what it shows you as the whole truth. "The Rainbow" has a program to present and it is trying to make you believe it at the expense of everything in you except your capacity to hate.

Miss Smith should not evade the fact that "The Rainbow" is determined to make barbarism not only a trait of every Nazi but of every German. I see no more truth in a movie that says "They kill because they are Germans," or "These Germans (who are murdering, etc.) behaved as Germans," than in Nazi doctrine that also explains evil in terms of race or nation. Nor should Miss Smith evade examining the solution of "The Rainbow," which specifically advises that all German prisoners be killed and puts forth a concept of the courts for trying war prisoners as places simply for inevitable death sentences. This concept of postwar justice is as cynical as "The Rainbow's" belief that God belongs to the Russians, not to traitors or Nazis.

As for Miss Smith's statements that my criticism of the production of "The Rainbow" was "an insult to the Russian people," "a treacherous attack on our Russian ally," "a plea for a soft peace," and that I "am impressed by the cruel-mindedness of the Russians"—I am sure she has succeeded in insulting me. Among the things I am against are Nazism, a "soft" peace, the kind of peace advised in "The Rainbow," and, most vehemently, against advising anybody to see "The Rainbow."

New York City MANNY FARBER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Babette Deutsch, New York City, calls our attention to two typographical errors in her poem "Autumn" as it appeared in The New Republic for November 6. The phrase, "Ash-trees rustling," should read "Ash-trees rusting." The line, "Or can it be," should read "Or it can be."

Mark B. Kessler, of New York City, writes in reply to Frederic Prokosch's criticism of the movie based on his book, "The Conspirators" [The New Republic, November 13]. Mr. Kessler says the blame for the movie rests more on the writer than on Hollywood, for Mr. Prokosch, he says, need not have sold the movie rights to his book. Was Mr. Prokosch, our correspondent asks, "so naïve as to believe that Hollywood would make a good picture of his novel?"

Aufbau, American Jewish weekly in German and English, is celebrating its tenth anniversary at the end of this year. The newspaper has grown from a four-page monthly club sheet given away to a few hundred members, to a weekly paper averaging 32 pages which is read not only in the United States, but all over the world. Aufbau's policy is devoted to the Americanization of German-speaking immigrants.

We acknowledge receipt of a pamphlet from the League for Sanity in Poetry, 358 West Saxet Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas. As its name suggests, this organization is crusading against obscurity in modern verse. The New York representative is Albert Ralph Korn, 785 Park Avenue, New York 21.

A typographical error reversed the meaning of a sentence in the article by A. G. Mezerik in The New Republic of November 20 dealing with Birmingham, Alabama. The sentence should have read: "Though it was a steel-company executive who handed me the report on the degradingly low standard of living in Alabama, he was outspokenly against higher wages, which would seem to be a logical solution, for profits are certainly high in Birmingham."

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Winter Book Number

The Return of Henry Miller

ONE COULD SAY that Henry Miller is a preacher who frequently hits on a perfect piece of narration, or that he is an extremely good story-teller who occasionally writes a lot of nonsense about Lawrence, the astrological destinies of the world and various apocalypses, including the apocalypse of Henry Miller himself. The fact is that one cannot get away from Miller so easily. I mean by simply admitting on one hand that he is a good writer while ignoring the substance of his writing, and by overlooking, on the other hand, the perfection and compactness of his best pieces because his generalizations about himself and the world are so often, and so literally, extravagant: flights into universes for which he has no essential concern.

Essentially, he is just Henry Miller, from Brooklyn, who left America in 1930 because he couldn't stand it any longer, lived in Paris for nine years, writing there the first book of his new life "as an act of desperation," and was forced to return to America from Greece in 1940 because of the war. In a revealing biographical note added to "The Cosmological Eye" he reveals how as a young man he worked "at anything and everything," and started writing, although "almost afraid to think" of becoming a writer. His readers know of his astonishing way of handling the job of a personnel director for Western Union, and the things he learned there. And it is not unimportant to keep in mind, in connection with Miller's indictment of the ways of modern society, what he himself has taken care to point out: "The most important encounter of my life," he writes in the same biographical note, "was with Emma Goldman in San Diego, California. She opened up the whole world of European culture for me and gave new impetus to my life, as well as direction. I was violently interested in the IWW movement at the time it was in swing, and remember with great reverence and affection such people as Jim Larkin, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Giovannitti and Carlo Tresca." But the real autobiography of Henry Miller has to be sought in his books.

It is easy to point out, in this last collection[1] of pieces from Miller's work, the story, "Return to Brooklyn," as a masterpiece. It is the plain, admirably firm and even tale of the return of Henry Miller (not of any imaginary character, and not of the artificial "I" which helps to dodge so many questions and facts, just Henry Miller, the *real* character that Henry Miller has been describing for ten years) to his mother, father and sister, to his home in Brooklyn, after ten years of exile. Céline has written some forceful pages on the family, but Céline is jittery and mean; he hates the family because it is the thing most hostile to his moods. His revolt has no dignity. In Miller there is neither hate nor revolt, rather a most controlled pity and a very human modesty. To him, the family is simply the desolate core of the inertia of which our society is dying.

The description is hopeless and pitiless, yet with no overtones of despair or disgust. Even in the details about the miserable disease of which the father is dying, there is no crudity, but rather the compassionate detachment of the monk (and a peculiar kind of monk Miller certainly is) who cannot think of the sick he is tending otherwise than as samples of human misery. The horror is not in physical disease or death. The horror is in the existence of beings drained of all life, neither by fate nor time, but by the blind machine which has taken the place of human society. One has only to think of what Céline would have done with the same material, or for that matter, of the truculence in which Miller used to indulge in his early work, to realize how near he has come to a real harmony.

To stop here would be merely to praise Miller from a distance, and avoid his personality, a philistine attitude and one which would not do justice to the writer. The originality and forcefulness of "Return to Brooklyn" do not consist in the realistic description of a milieu, but in the honest account of a relationship. The main character of the story is neither Henry Miller nor his family, but their relationship, their presence together as individuals on equal terms, and the questions that this co-presence raises. In other words, the real subject of the story, what creates its suspense and dramatic quality, is a moral struggle, the struggle of Henry Miller, the character, against the torpor of sentimental ties, against his own frailty and helplessness, and more especially against the smoldering fire of rage and disgust, to attain whatever clarity and justice it is possible for him to attain toward that environment and those human beings. From this struggle, Henry Miller comes out the winner, not perhaps in the sense that he thinks as a man who has discovered essential truths, but as one who has succeeded in mastering his inner chaos and in not allowing the external clutter to overcome him.

It is in this sense, I think, that Miller was right when he wrote of himself: "I am at bottom a metaphysical writer, and my use of drama and incident is only a device to posit something more profound." A device, I would add, to elucidate as far as he can what is actually going on around him from the point of view of the unattached individual with no special interests to defend or hide, except the personal whims and twists of which he is a victim like anybody else.

I don't know any other writer who has succeeded in completely humanizing the writer as a character, stripping him of any special prestige, making of him a true Everyman who wins his laurels, if any, only in actual competition with other individuals for the possession of human qualities and for the enjoyment of whatever there is to be enjoyed in life. The exhilarating quality of Miller's best things comes precisely from the fact that he has succeeded in making of writing a natural way of existing, and also

[1] Sunday After the War, by Henry Miller. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 300 pages. $3.

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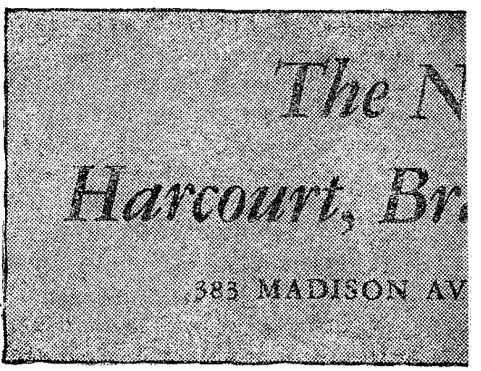

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in making of the reader a companion in the material and moral odyssey, the dejection, the hunger, the shame, and the very real pitfalls which have to be experienced by an individual in order to have that kind of existence. Before preaching about deliverance from what he calls the dumb sleep of the present world, and one would add, more than preaching about deliverance, Miller has shown the actual process of deliverance of a perfectly ordinary human being from the gutter of Broadway and the offices of Western Union to the streets of Paris, from the blind rage and despair of the cornered individual to the conquest of that tense detachment which is the best quality of Henry Miller, the character and story-teller. Writing, for him, is the actual process of purification from confusion and insincerity, by no means an end in itself, as he explains very clearly in some pages of this last book:

> The little phrase—*Why don't you try to write?*—involved me, as it had from the very beginning, in a hopeless bog of confusion. I wanted to enchant but not to enslave; I wanted a greater, richer life, but not at the expense of others. . . . I had no respect for writing *per se*. . . . By a chain of circumstances having nothing to do with reason or intelligence I had become like the others—a drudge. . . . I gave nothing to the world in fulfilling the function of breadwinner; the world exacted its tribute of me, that was all. The world would only begin to get something of value from me the moment I stopped being a serious member of society and became—*myself*. . . . What I secretly longed for was to disentangle myself of all those lives which had woven themselves into the pattern of my own life. . . . To shake myself free of these accumulating experiences which were mine only by force of inertia required a violent effort.

It is in the tenacity and consistency of such an effort that the seriousness and uniqueness of Miller's personality lie, no matter how often Miller himself falls victim to what he calls the "vice" of uncontrolled imagination, metaphysical, psychoanalytical or simply erratic, and also no matter how often he boasts of having attained perfection.

I must confess that when I first read "Tropic of Cancer," as much as I admired his talent as a narrator, and realized that here was somebody arriving from "the end of the night" and who had, as such, the right to be respected, I was mystified by the atmosphere of elusive egotism which accompanied him, and would have agreed with what George Orwell was later going to write: that Miller was seeking a refuge from the murderous nonsense of the present world "inside the whale," in an attitude of total indifference and frantic self-preservation. Still, I was not convinced. I felt there was in Miller's work an additional quality which I was unable to grasp. It was under the impact of the insistence and consistency of his successive works that I realized there was more than good story-telling in him. His tales of desperate wanderings through Paris, of New York tailor shops, of true trivialities and obscenities, of crazy bohemians and nasty tricks, not only gave one the immediate feeling of the casualness, the lack of logic, the utter imperviousness, the humor of real life; they also compelled one to enjoy it with a sense of liberation, the liberation from any special sentiment, from any moral or intellectual prejudice. And most important of all, it was a keen pleasure to know that such a man existed in such a world as the world of today.

As for Miller's aloofness, I would agree that he prefers to play with astrological symbols rather than with political ideas, and to praise Bahai rather than Marx. I would not deny that he often shows more than a little affectation in this sense. But on the other hand, it is so clear that everything he conceives or feels is conceived and felt against the world of today, that I would hesitate to insist on the theme of indifference, for fear of having to accuse him of the very opposite, too emotional a concern with some of the most obvious aspects of the present evils. In his beautiful book on Greece, every discovery, every pleasure, and laugh, and moment of pure oblivion is felt against the background of impending catastrophe. Greece would not be so beautiful and pacifying were not the world outside of Greece so ugly and inhuman. Miller's egotism, in so far as it is insistence on self-possession, seems to me perfectly valuable, and it certainly is one of the inescapable themes of modern literature. As for his vaunted bliss, it is not without meaning if considered against the background of pointless sadness which one finds everywhere today, among all kinds of people, and which Miller calls "Hamletism."

In any case, I think that Henry Miller means it when he writes:

> I am here on earth to work out my private destiny. My destiny is linked with that of every other living creature. . . . I refuse to jeopardize my destiny by regarding life within the narrow rules which are now laid down to circumscribe it. I dissent from the current view of things as regards murder, as regards religion, as regards society, as regards our well-being. I will try to live my life in accordance with the vision I have of things eternal.

NICOLA CHIAROMONTE

Hemingway and the Hero

ALTHOUGH they deal with different characters and scenes, Hemingway's four novels tell a loosely connected story: in effect, a legend of man against society. It begins with "A Farewell to Arms," and specifically with the passage about the Italian defeat at Caporetto in 1917. Lieutenant Frederic Henry, then serving in the Italian army—he will reappear under different names in Hemingway's other novels—has just returned to the front after recovering from serious wounds and falling in love with his English nurse. He is ordered to load his three big ambulances with hospital equipment and make his way southward into the Po Valley. The next fifty pages not only give the best description of a routed army in American literature, and one of the best in any literature; they also prepare us, on another plane, for the crisis that will shape the later career of Hemingway's four heroes, who are really one. The frustrated love of Jake and Brett (in "The Sun Also Rises"), the conversion of Harry Morgan (in "To Have and Have Not"), the happy love and death of Robert Jordan (in "For Whom the Bell Tolls")—all these are sequels to what happened at the crossing of the Tagliamento.

At first the Italian retreat had been "orderly, wet and sullen." On the crowded roads there were "troops marching under the rain, guns, horses pulling wagons, mules, motor trucks, all moving away from the front. There was

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no more disorder than in an advance." In the night, the whole long column had come to a stop. It had started again, after hours of waiting in the rain, but now it was moving only a few yards at a time. By morning Lieutenant Henry had decided that his only chance of saving his vehicles was to turn aside into a farm road. That is the point where his tribulations begin. He loses his way; he loses his three ambulances (one in a muddy lane, the two others while crossing a field); he shoots a man casually and pointlessly: he loses his three drivers one after the other (the best of them is killed by frightened Italians and the worst runs away to the Germans); then, rejoining the endless line of retreat, he loses his identity in what is now a shambling crowd where the soldiers are throwing away their rifles and the officers cutting their stars of rank from their sleeves. Just before dawn, Henry reaches the end of a long wooden bridge over the Tagliamento, but only to be plucked from the crowd and arrested as a spy. His gun is taken away, and he is forced into a little group of men on the river bank who are waiting to be tried and executed; so far, not one of them has been spared. He escapes by diving into the flooded river, by staying under water while the shots go wild, and then by clinging to a plank that carries him downstream.

Reading the passage a second time, you begin to feel that the action is moving forward on a double plane. An army and a whole countryside are in flight; but at the same time Henry himself is being alienated from that army and that countryside; he is being morally and psychologically prepared for some desperate action. At one point, lying hidden in a barn, he thinks of his boyhood: "We had lain in the hay and talked and shot sparrows with an air rifle when they perched in the triangle cut high up in the wall of the barn. The barn was gone now and one year they had cut the hemlock woods and there were only stumps, dried tree tops, branches and fireweed where the woods had been. You could not go back"—but it was hard to go forward; and now there would be other ties to cut besides those binding him to his family. His diving into the river impresses us as having a symbolic value; it is something that resembles a rite of baptism; and there will be still other symbols before this passage of the book has ended. On the point of drowning, Henry catches hold of a willow branch and pulls himself out of the water; then he goes plodding across the flat Venetian plain. He reaches a railway embankment and waits for a train that might carry him toward Milan. As it chugs slowly past him, he chooses a car in which he thinks he can hide; it is a flat-car loaded with guns and covered with a big canvas tarpaulin laced down with cords. He cuts a cord and crawls under the canvas, at the cost of a violent bump that covers his face with blood. Here at last, lying among the guns that smell cleanly of oil and grease; here in this atmosphere that suggests the womb (as do many other crucial scenes in Hemingway's novels, laid in caves or tents or sleeping bags); here in the moist half-darkness, with a little rain leaking through the canvas, and a little light, he feels a sudden sense of being utterly alone, and free:

> Anger was washed away in the river along with any obligation. Although that had ceased when the carabiniere put his hands on my collar. I would like to have had the uniform off although I did not care much about the outward forms. I had taken off the stars, but that was for convenience. It was no point of honor. I was not against them. I was through. I wished them all the luck. There were the good ones, and the brave ones, and the calm ones and the sensible ones, and they deserved it. But it was not my show any more and I wished this bloody train would get to Mestre and I would eat and stop thinking. I would have to stop.

I described Henry's plunge into the river as a sort of baptism; but from one point of view it was quite the opposite. Baptism is a symbolic death of the self-centered man; his old sins are washed away; his soul is reborn into communion with the church, and hence into new obligations. In Henry's case, it is the obligations that are washed away, along with the sense of communion. "I was not made to think," he says to himself. "I was made to eat. My God, yes. Eat and drink and sleep with Catherine"—the whole circle of his life being narrowed to private satisfactions. He has not really made his farewell to arms; the title of the novel is misleading, and the fact is that Hemingway's heroes for the next ten years will be arms-bearing men and even killers (though with a curious sympathy for everything they kill, as if they too were dying). Neither is Henry making a complete farewell to war. "I did not have the feeling that it was really over," he says in one of his later meditations. "I had the feeling of a boy who thinks of what is happening at a certain hour at the school from which he has played truant." His real farewell is to something even broader: that is, to *armies* as representing all the institutions of organized society.

There is nothing in Hemingway's known career to suggest this act of total alienation. Unlike Lieutenant Henry, he did not take part in the retreat from Caporetto or ever desert from the Italian army, let alone fleeing with his beloved into Switzerland. Either he invented the whole story or else he based it on his memory of some private decision that was never carried into action. And yet the hero's loss of faith is pictured with so much imaginative power, with so keen a feeling for its distant consequences, that it become a link binding all four of Hemingway's novels together and making them part of the same legend.

It explains, for example, why Catherine Barkley has to die at the end of "A Farewell to Arms." Statistically she has every chance to survive, since we know that with competent medical attention there are not four women out of a thousand who die in childbirth. Logically we are not prepared for her death, except by the hero's praise of her courage. "If people bring so much courage to this world," he says at one point, "the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them"—but sometimes the world takes a long time about it, as much as eighty years. There is, however, a symbolic reason for Catherine's death at this moment. When Frederic Henry made his farewell to armies, he became incapable of living in any sort of community, even a community of two: that is, he became incapable of lasting sexual love. Catherine has to die because the hero must henceforth live alone.

And the effects of the hero's farewell to armies can also be traced in Hemingway's other novels. "The Sun Also Rises" was written three years before the novel in which the crisis occurs, but it deals with what might have been

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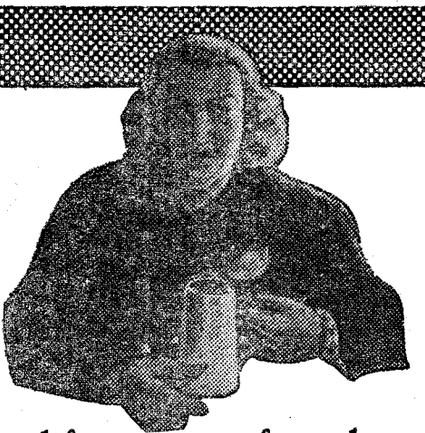

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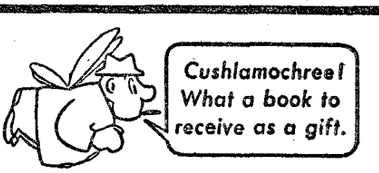

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a later stage in the life of Frederic Henry. It is not until reading "A Farewell to Arms" that we understand the real nature of the other hero's wound, which now impresses us as being moral rather than physical. What Jake Barnes had really lost in the war was not his manhood but his faith in organized society. A development out of the same moral crisis might explain the character of Harry Morgan, in "To Have and Have Not." His alienation from society has been carried to its logical extreme, for he lives by instinct, hunts alone and feels no loyalty even to his shipmates. At the climax of the novel, which is also the moment of his death, he discovers that complete loneliness is unbearable. "It had taken him all of his life to learn it," the author says. Robert Jordan, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," has mastered that lesson; he is the first of Hemingway's heroes to be reconciled with society. Being ready to sacrifice his life for something outside himself, he finds that love is possible for him, as it was not possible for Jake Barnes or Frederic Henry. He meets death willingly, having lived, he believes, as full a life in seventy hours as he might have lived in seventy years.

This time it is Pablo, the half-villain of the story and not the hero, who deserts from the band at a moment of doubt and panic. But Pablo comes back again and, having returned, he offers an explanation for the career of Hemingway's hero that brings the continued legend to a full circle. "After I had thrown away thy material," he says to Jordan, "I found myself too lonely." Then turning to his woman, Pilar, but not quite daring to face her, he adds, "Having done such a thing, there is a loneliness that cannot be borne. . . . Yesterday all day alone working for the good of all I was not lonely. But last night. *Hombre! Qué mal lo pasé!*" After a pause he says, this time looking at Pilar squarely, "I am ready for what the day brings."

MALCOLM COWLEY

Music for the Literate

Music for the Man Who Enjoys "Hamlet," by B. H. Haggin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 128 pages. $2.75.

THE NUMBER OF BOOKS written in America to give first aid to the "amateur music lover" is staggering, but those are indeed rare which, like Haggin's latest contribution, refrain from treating the reader as if he were a child who must get a lollipop and bedtime story to take his castor oil. As the top-heavy, though effectively descriptive, title implies, Haggin's book is for intelligent non-musicians who want musical analysis to confine itself to the same essential factors and fruitfully specific allusions which they have always encountered, as a matter of course, in good literary or art criticism. If there is so little precedent for this kind of thing in the field of music, it is, perhaps, partly because of the barrier placed between criticism and the general reading public by special terminology and the esoteric hieroglyphs of notation. In our times, however, the phonograph suggests a valuable substitute for the printed illustration, and Haggin is the first to avail himself, in any substantial degree, of the new opportunities thus offered.

Many books refer to recordings in a general way, but Haggin provides his readers with exact measurements which enable them, if they cannot decipher the notation of quoted passages, to locate these on records. They can thus follow him while he points to crucial details and their mutual relations. The "appreciation racketeers," as Virgil Thomson calls them, notice only what, in the composer's mind, was the mere beginning element—as the general outline of a plot is the initial impetus for a novelist. But this is especially unpardonable since Donald Tovey did so much to discredit the over-evaluation of sonata "first" and "second" themes by insisting on two *groups* of themes. Haggin conforms with this newer trend of our time by remaining admirably oblivious to the usual components which textbooks maintain are structurally "important." He is concerned with parenthetical themes no less than with main ones, with transitions no less than with "principal" material.

His readers are urged to hear a passage several times and, where the music especially warrants it, to concentrate, some of these times, on a secondary strand. After the details have been noted individually, the listeners are gently led to a synthesis, until the felt quality of the whole experience is apprehended as a complex unity with certain nodal points as special centers of interest, but with one thing, in a sense, just as important to hear as anything else. Music thus ceases to engender a "drowsy revery relieved by nervous thrills," which is Santayana's description for the state of the average deluded concert-goer.

What Haggin has attempted would be difficult enough to commit to paper for an audience of musicians, but it is especially so when addressed to the rather elusive reader of "Hamlet," who may be any of a number of different individuals. We must not, therefore, too readily accuse the author for having failed to do certain things, or for the book's weak organization in some respects. Unquestionably, he was wise not to burden his readers with too many terms and definitions, and to confine himself briefly to a vocabulary of attitudes and feelings, which is excellently handled and remarkably free from the usual sentimental abuses.

There are, however, certain incidental aspects of the method which I should like to question, though I am aware that Haggin's model reader might be in a better position than I am myself to resolve my doubts. For example, in a book for the most part so cleanly written, what attitude is one to take toward expressions like "tonal region," "chord," "trill," and key names which are elucidated inadequately or not at all? ". . . It is the effect and your experience of the effect that are important, not the term," Haggin warns us, and this admonition indeed cannot be repeated too often at a time when so much musical pedagogy makes an end in itself of a formal or emotional rubric. But since certain terms were incorporated—and it was fairly inevitable that they should be—it would seem more logical for them to have been patiently defined, perhaps in a glossary, so that a less enterprising reader could bypass them.

This verbal paraphernalia is not essential in the immediate esthetic experience, but it can help greatly in the preparation for it. So long as we are aware that analysis is no more a substitute for music than a map is for a terrain, there is no danger of misusing convenient tags. A possible approach, in illuminating terms to the reader without technical knowledge, might be by way of punctuation, meter, verse form and, especially, rhetoric, which all have

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musical counterparts. Kenneth Burke has fruitfully employed musical terms to elucidate poetic devices, but still more is to be gained from reversing the process—notably where the "man who enjoys 'Hamlet'" is concerned.

In a work of art there are many corners in which striking inferences may be found, and some of these may seem more noteworthy to one analyst than to another. I am struck, for instance, by some opportunities missed in the treatment of the Adagio of Beethoven's Opus 111. We read that our "first impression and its effect are elaborated by the next group. . . . The elaborated impression and effect are elaborated further" by subsequent tones. Would it have been too much or too obvious to have said, more specifically, that the highest note of the second group is slightly higher than the highest note of the first, and that the second and third groups are analogously related? Haggin similarly does not indicate that the first variation invests the whole theme with the rhythm of the initial motif. He does not tell us that the variations in the "Eroica" are founded on two themes: the bass and the theme proper, which enters in the third variation.

These, however, are details which do not affect the dominant single factor: the book's unique and valuable place in the available literature on music. Haggin has made no attempt to display his erudition, or ensnare his readers with anecdotes or smartness of style, but has taken to heart, rather, the immediate and genuine needs of an intelligent music-lover, and has brought us a welcome recess from so much empty verbiage published under the guise of so-called "music-appreciation." ARTHUR BERGER

Rasselas Revived

Samuel Johnson, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 599 pages. $3.75.

THE PUBLICATION, or the completion of publication, within the past ten years, of the eight volumes of Aleyn Lyell Reade's "Johnsonian Gleanings," the eighteen volumes of the "Malahide Papers," the two volumes of "Thraliana," the four volumes of Powell's revision of Hill's Boswell, the original version of Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," as well as several full-length studies of lesser members of Johnson's circle, has made a popular reinterpretation of Johnson desirable and inevitable.

But it has not made it easy, and modern studies in psychology and esthetics have made it still harder. The paradoxes of Johnson's character and the vagaries of his criticisms cannot today be lightly passed over as amiable "eccentricities" and "crotchets." The modern reader demands that such things be set in some comprehensible relation to the individual's experience and background. He knows that no opinion is detached, but that all are shaped by other opinions, once current, though now perhaps forgotten.

Mr. Krutch has done his difficult job very well. The author of "The Modern Temper" obviously finds in the author of "Rasselas" that basic congeniality without which no really significant biography or criticism is ever written. He perceives that Johnson's censure of human desires was no mere condemnation of superficial pleasures but a passionate seeking to know what activity is appropriate to man. He sees that Johnson's pessimism "was more a tragic sense of life than a vulgar lament over the failure of worldly prosperity"; and with that sense, and with Johnson's feeling for the vacuity of life, he is in sympathy.

This adds interest to the fact that a great part of his effort is directed to demonstrating Johnson's tremendous love of living, his Gargantuan gusto. Johnson maintained that there was much to endure in life and little to enjoy, but no man seemed to enjoy that little so much. Sick and half-blind, harassed by poverty and oppressed by melancholia, he none the less managed to accomplish enough for three other men. Awkward and unkempt, quaint and even ludicrous in appearance, a rigid moralist in a licentious age, a bohemian in a fastidious society, he forced the wits and rakes and bluestockings to receive him with delight and to treat him with respect. Immensely and intensely lonely, he made an unparalleled art of sociability. Complain under his burdens he did, but even his groans, as he himself remarked, were "warbled out with uncommon elegance and energy."

Mr. Krutch is frankly annoyed with Boswell, whom he regards as a sort of sublime autograph hunter, and does what he can to rectify the distortions which he believes Boswell's pathological nature imposed on his great portrait. He is forced to confess that the "Journal" is superior to Johnson's "Journey," but insists that Boswell had the advantage of subject, since he was writing about Johnson while Johnson was writing only about the Hebrides.

He finds Mrs. Thrale shallow and selfish but her husband's vices, and particularly his dullness, arouse him to her defense. The twentieth century is so completely on her side in the business of her second marriage that fairness now requires not that Johnson be castigated for his brutality toward her but that, in so far as possible, his attitude should be explained, as Mr. Krutch explains it, in the light of his morbid condition and the equally morbid condition of customs then prevailing.

To his criticism of Johnson's works Mr. Krutch brings a learning almost as extensive as Johnson's own and, like his subject, is resolved not to allow his affections to betray him into undue praises. That his description of Johnson as "a superlatively good hack" is, however, leaning over backwards is shown by the warmth of his admiration for the "Preface to Shakespeare" and "The Lives of the Poets." He cannot share T. S. Eliot's enthusiasm for "The Vanity of Human Wishes," preferring, rather, the lines on the death of Levet, and he is unmoved by the essays, though he grants them occasional splendors of diction that echo Sir Thomas Browne and the seventeenth-century divines.

There are nineteen contemporary illustrations, well chosen and well reproduced. In addition to a general index there is a table of Johnson's "traits, habits, opinions and sayings," a list which the common reader will probably find very useful.

The book is avowedly addressed to the general reader, not to the professional Johnsonian, yet literary scholars of all kinds may read it with double profit, delighting in its learning and wit and, at the same time, recognizing it as an example of the sort of end toward which all of their efforts should be valued but as means. BERGEN EVANS

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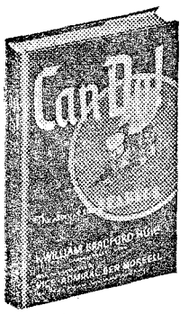

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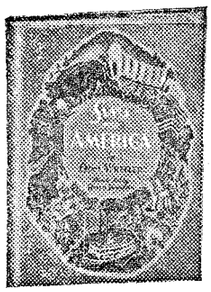

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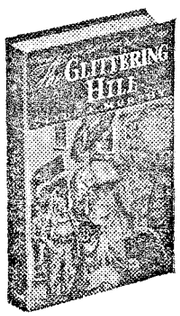

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A Walk in the Sun, by Harry Brown. Knopf. $2.
Rebellion in the Backlands, by Euclides da Cunha. Chicago. $5.
A Bell for Adano, by John Hersey. Knopf. $2.50.
Time Must Have a Stop, by Aldous Huxley. Harpers. $2.75.
The Lost Weekend, by Charles Jackson. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Road to the Ocean, by Leonid Leonov. L. B. Fischer. $3.
Sunburst, by Mauricio Magdaleno. Viking. $2.50.
The Bay of Silence, by Eduardo Mallea. Knopf. $2.50.
Joseph the Provider, by Thomas Mann. Knopf. $3.
The Razor's Edge, by Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.
Crab Apple Jelly, by Frank O'Connor. Knopf. $2.50.
The History of Rome Hanks, by Joseph Stanley Pennell. Scribner's. $2.75.
The Leaning Tower and Other Stories, by Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Mahogany, by Alfredo Segre. L. B. Fischer. $2.75.
The Common Thread, by Michael Seide. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Chronicle of Dawn, by Ramón J. Sender. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Strange Fruit, by Lillian Smith. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.75.
Boston Adventure, by Jean Stafford. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.
For Love Alone, by Christina Stead. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
The Barricades, by Philip Toynbee. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Biography and Memoirs

Patrick Geddes: Maker of the Future, by Philip Boardman. North Carolina. $5.
Yankee from Olympus: Justice Holmes and His Family, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. Little, Brown. $3.
My Lives in Russia, by Markoosha Fischer. Harpers. $2.75.
Lee's Lieutenants, Vol. III, by Douglas S. Freeman. Scribner's. $5.
Winslow Homer, by Lloyd Goodrich. Macmillan. $7.50.
Der Führer: Hitler's Rise to Power, by Konrad Heiden. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
Citizen Toussaint, by Ralph Korngold. Little, Brown. $3.
Samuel Johnson, by Joseph Wood Krutch. Holt. $3.
Anna and the King of Siam, by Margaret Landon. John Day. $3.75.
War Diary, by Jean Malaquais. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.
Without Bitterness, by A. A. Nwafor Orizu. Creative Age. $3.
Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Life, by Eleanor Ruggles. Norton. $3.50.
Persons and Places, by George Santayana. Scribner's. $2.50.
William the Silent, by C. V. Wedgwood. Yale. $3.

Poetry, Criticism and Belles Lettres

For the Time Being, by W. H. Auden. Random. $2.
American Folklore, edited by Benjamin Albert Botkin. Crown. $3.
The World of Washington Irving, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.75.
A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
1 x 1, by E. E. Cummings. Holt. $2.
A Wreath for the Sea, by Robert Fitzgerald. New Directions. $2.50.
The Shield of Achilles: Essays on Belief in Poetry, by Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Imaginary Interviews, by André Gide. Knopf. $2.
Music for the Man Who Enjoys "Hamlet," by B. H. Haggin. Knopf. $2.75.
Land of Unlikeness, by Robert Lowell. Cummington Press. $3.
Henry James: the Major Phase, by F. O. Matthiessen. Oxford. $2.50.
Sunday After the War, by Henry Miller. New Directions. $3.
Nevertheless, by Marianne Moore. Macmillan. $1.25.
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Still Time to Die, by Jack Belden. Harpers. $3.
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Brave Men, by Ernie Pyle. Holt. $3.
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They Shall Not Sleep, by Leland Stowe. Knopf. $3.
Shark's Fins and Millet, by Ilona Ralf Sues. Little, Brown. $3.
Invasion Diary, by Richard Tregaskis. Random. $2.75.
Leningrad, by Alexander Werth. Knopf. $2.50.

[1] This list of notable books includes only those books received or reviewed before December 1, 1944, and does not include a number of excellent reprints and new translations. – THE EDITORS

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From Wilderness to Empire: A History of California, 1542-1900, by Robert Glass Cleland. Knopf. $4.
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Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture, by Werner Jaeger. Oxford. Three volumes, $3.75 each; $10 the set.
The Tennessee Valley Authority, by David E. Lilienthal. Harpers. $2.50.
Rebel without a Cause, by Robert M. Lindner. Grune and Stratton. $4.
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The Frightened Philistines[1]

The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honored and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science into its paid wage laborers. – "The Communist Manifesto," by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels.

MANY CRITICS and commentators write as if modern culture were truly organized on the basis of the great ideals of the Enlightenment. They write as if there were a really free market in which cultural productions circulated, and as if the dominion of the mind and of art were one where free minds met and accepted or rejected art and ideas on their merits. In fact, the free dominion of the mind and of art has never been achieved in capitalist democracy. Generations of the boldest and most honest artists and thinkers have had to struggle, even bitterly, to maintain their freedom and independence. However, in most periods of the past the area of freedom in this dominion was larger than it is today; the area of freedom is being continually narrowed. In consequence, the independent artist today, in order to be as free as were most of his predecessors, must struggle more intransigently, and take greater risks than they had to.

[1] The author of this article, Mr. James T. Farrell, is of course the distinguished American novelist. He has been under attack by the group of critics whom he here opposes, along with a group of writers who have been even more severely condemned than he. While we are inclined to agree with Mr. Farrell's main position, we print his article primarily for its intrinsic interest. Copies of it have been sent to the men he criticizes, with a statement that our columns are open to them if they care to reply. – THE EDITORS

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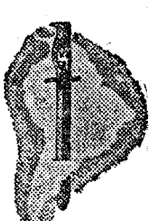

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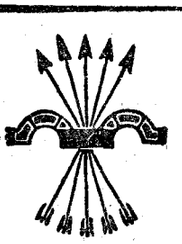

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Correspondingly, we have witnessed how increasing numbers of intellectuals and writers have been turned into real or virtual wage laborers. And many other writers who are, formally, not wage laborers have already accepted the narrow level of freedom of their wage-earning brothers: they, also, write like employees. One of many illustrations of this condition that can be cited is that of much book reviewing. One of the dismal ironies in reviewing, looked at in this light, is to be seen in some of the bitter attacks launched by so-called "critics" against writers who have struggled and taken all of the necessary risks to prevent themselves from becoming hired writers. Reviewers of this type, and with characteristic "originality," sometimes even condemn independent writers as blind determinists who deny free will and the dignity of man. Can insolence go much further?

Such reviewers are nowadays deriving their inspiration —if such it may be called—from those critics who have, especially since the onset of the war, been conducting a campaign against a majority of the realistic and advance-guard and experimental writers of modern times. Also, they sometimes express themselves in apoplectic accents against Rimbaud, Baudelaire and other great nineteenth-century writers. Needless to say, these critics do not discuss those vulgar details of economics which have poisoned so much of modern culture: abstract dignity is their realm.

These men have taken their stand on the unshakable conviction that man does not live by bread alone. For reasons utterly unknown to me, they seem to be of the opinion that many naturalistic and realistic writers want men to do nothing but gorge on bread. When the facts do not convince these men, I do not know how they can be convinced; then they can only be exposed. However, I might remark that some of the writers who have earned the disfavor of these critics have written works which rather persuasively suggest that when men have no bread to eat, or at least do not have enough of it, they live very badly in both the physical and the moral realm. But when one demonstrates this too clearly, it seems that one thinks that human beings are as will-less as rats in a trap.

Arguments like this are not new. They have been ignored by every generation of realistic writers for decades. In essence, these Philistines are merely picking up just where the late Irving Babbitt and the late Paul Elmer More left off after they had arrived at exactly nowhere. The language they use is a little different from that of the Humanists, and, unlike the latter, many of these critics regard themselves as liberals: Van Wyck Brooks even calls himself a socialist. If anything, Babbitt and More were far superior to Brooks, MacLeish, J. Donald Adams and others of this numerous tribe.

Stale as were Babbitt's ideas, one at least knew what he meant. With some of these critics, one must dredge and sweat over their words in order to find any sense whatever. And then Babbitt far surpassed Brooks in the talent for compiling quotations systematically. It is true that More was blind to almost any book if its author were alive: but at least, he could understand some of the books written by authors who were no more. And he could write essays of critical merit. Can Brooks, can these others, write as well on anything as More did, say, on Crabbe? Yes, I

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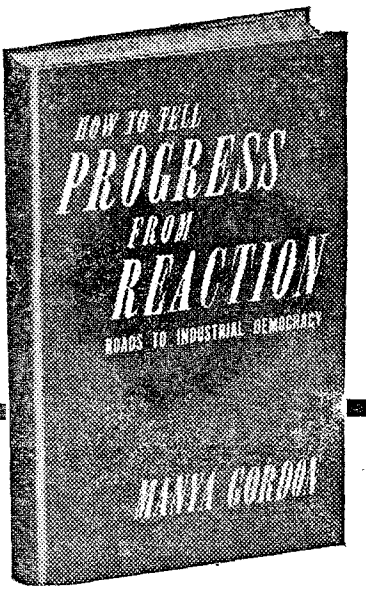
rather yearn for Babbitt and More. Were they alive, perhaps they could give these critics a clearer line. That would be some help, at least for their adversaries.

Read their articles, their speeches, their books. They sometimes fight "invisible" wars in an "invisible world." Like Napoleon on the battlefield, Archibald MacLeish marshals a mighty cavalry of words which he sends charging against the barricades of the intellect and storming the citadels of belief. In the same speech in which General MacLeish performs this mighty verbal military operation, he criticizes modern writers because they are artists trying to tell the truth, rather than generalissimos of the simile waging irreconcilable warfare in some unseen world which MacLeish himself confesses that he really knows nothing about. Or J. Donald Adams. He has now discovered that God is a principle of literary criticism. But how different is God in his writing from the Almighty of the great religious and scriptural writings of the past. The God of "Genesis" created the entire universe in seven days: the God of J. Donald Adams has not even learned how to understand a good book in more than eighteen years. Such are the critics who have declared open hunting season on writers.

At the risk of wearying my reader, I cite some of their charges. According to Van Wyck Brooks, many writers (including Faulkner, Hemingway, Dos Passos, myself) have been engaged now for years in kicking and tearing civilization itself to pieces. (If this war achieves nothing else, at least it will have saved human civilization from four American novelists.) To continue, writers have no faith in the family (even when they support and love their families); they have no roots in the soil (even though they could not afford to buy soil in order to get these roots); they do not seem to like the idea of running for public office. And, of course, they are irresponsible because they are true artists and tell the truth. And they do not believe in man and in his dignity. They are totally without faith. They *live* and *write* because they are motivated by the death impulse. They are unpatriotic. They demoralized the entire American nation to such an extent that it was totally unprepared to fight a visible war against Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito, and one or more "invisible" wars against the barricades of the intellect. These, and sundry other accusations, could possibly make Danbury Penitentiary the literary capital of these United States if Attorney General Biddle should happen to read this "criticism" and take it seriously.[1]

Substantially, these charges boil down to platitudes, misrepresentations, impressively irrelevant quotations, petulance and mere unintelligibility. But they are not without their logic. These critics iconize great writers of the past, and ask us to kneel before the icons. In other words,

[1] Continuing this campaign, Mr. Bernard DeVoto this year entered the fray. His book, "The Literary Fallacy"—which reads as if it were written by a miscegenation of the ghosts of Daniel Boone, Pocahontas, Jay Gould and Evangeline—was a stern defense of the ideas of the frontier and the wilderness. Too bad that it was ex-post history. DeVoto described most modern American writers as unpatriotic and lacking faith in the dignity of the individual, but also it seems to be his idea that the writers who would have ruined America, did not the call of the Wilderness live in the American heart, were themselves ruined by an unpatriotic New Englander named V. W. Brooks. But let us not persist in dealing with farce. – J. T. F.



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Brooks and his fellow heroes borrow the reverent awe which we give to the great men of the past and use it as a means of blinding people to present realities, not only in letters but also in life. At the same time, they superimpose life in general over modern society in particular; dignity in the abstract over the lack of dignity permitted here and now in particular; morals that are above time over the real character of morality which we call the present. By doing this they have high-minded reasons for showing moral density toward the evils of their own day while they disparage that body of writers, living and dead, who have seriously criticized their times. They seem to have little time for denouncing the meretricious art that is written for money, and that now deluges the entire nation in an ocean of banality, which is almost unprecedented in all human history. Here, though, J. Donald Adams is an exception: he finds a healthy if immature trend in the sales figures of Lloyd C. Douglas' novels. These men are spiritual expropriators. They have snatched what little they can understand from the great writers and novelists of the past, ripped that out of all historical context, and now use it as the rationalization for a morality that can only be called astral. Armed with such a morality, they attack those writers who have written about and protested against the evils of their times. They dare not meet these writers—or anyone else either—armed with a morality based on the real practice, in culture and in life, of these times. That moral practice is too indefensible: it drips too much with exchange value.

It is the best in these writers—the best in Faulkner, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Dreiser, etc.—which these critics attack. And this is decidedly among the best produced in America in this century. It is work that was written in a spirit of freedom and independence, written without compromise to those bourgeois tastes which reward an author with royalties at the price of honor. If some of this writing sold very well, this was not due to compromises on the part of the authors. Realists have assessed the cost of bourgeois society in terms of what happens to people. The determinism which they have revealed is, in essence, the determinism of social forces and social laws which prevent men from achieving their aims and ends. If these critics are serious, why don't they fight to change these social laws rather than condemn those who help to make us conscious of them? There is no more blind determinism in the operation of social laws than there is in the laws of physical science. What really troubles is not determinism: rather, it is the revelation of what happens to people, the revelation of social tragedy. Symbolist poets of the past, advance-guard writers of our era have expressed the doubts, the anguishes, the agonies in the psyche of man. Both realists and advance-guard writers have written in a kind of warning, a warning that much is wrong, morally wrong, in this world. But the Philistine wants to talk about morals, not to understand what is morally wrong, let alone correct it. Now that these critics have said all they can of Dreiser, why don't they go to work on the morals of financial tycoons like those of whom Dreiser wrote? Now that they have exploded on the "perversity" of Faulkner, why don't they pay some attention to those Southern reactionaries who gained so much from the preservation of the decay Faulkner has described? Serious moralists do not

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merely abuse writers. They fight the evils they see in their own day and age. These men are not moralists—they are sheep-herders. Their social role is to be mere shepherds for the status quo. This means that wherever there is freshness, sincerity, independence in writing, that is where they must go and try to build a new sheepfold.

And as for this religious trend which is now hailed—where is it? In the books? Don't call that religion! Most of it is mere religious linguistics. Where in it is there real religion, religion to inspire one? Where in it can you find that energy of mind of Augustine, the intellectual scope of Aquinas, the anger of Luther, the consistent if bleak logic of Calvin, the wonderful love and gentleness of Saint Francis, the womanly dignity and intelligence of Saint Teresa, the soldierly ability and genius of Ignatius, the simplicity of devotion of Thomas à Kempis, the real gentlemanliness of Cardinal Newman, the burning sincerity and indignation and exquisite pride of Leo Tolstoy? Where? If one has known religion, and known it too in rejecting it, one is not impressed by morals which masquerade as religion, moral density based on fear of living in the present and facing the future.

In conclusion, let me address these gentlemen directly. If you have nothing more to offer, then our battle is won. By yourselves, you are powerless. You are important solely because there is power behind you, the economic and police power of this society. Come out in the open and on the real plane of social morals, wearing your proper uniforms—those of ideological policemen, with a literary star on your blue coats. Neither you nor the power that stands behind you frightens us. Gentlemen, it is clear—you are the league of frightened Philistines. Frightened Philistines can never be masters of the future. It is not inappropriate for a writer who proudly calls himself a Marxist to tell you this.

And it is time that you be informed that there are writers, and I am confident that there will always be writers, who will teach you that they can and will defend their convictions. And they will defend, too, the memory of the great writers—Joyce, Proust, Baudelaire, Rimbaud. Yes, power may stand behind you gentlemen, power and the praise of bourgeois Philistines. But we have something that it will never give you. Confidence, confidence and convictions we are willing to defend. The time has come for all of you to join with Van Wyck Brooks in sighing for a new Augustine to write a new "City of God." You can have that. You will never understand the best of him, but he can teach you something; at least, he can teach you how to be real honest-to-God heresy hunters. We do not need any of that. For we stand convinced that some day yet there will be built a real City of Man. And that is our ideal, that is our faith, that is our conviction. Get down on your knees, gentlemen, and pray, pray for an artist who will be like Lloyd C. Douglas, only an artist. When men learn to have convictions of the future which they know that no power on earth can ever shatter, when they believe in a future that they know will one day be created, they need none of your "religious" consolation. Some of you are fond of closing books with the sentence: "*Allons, the road is before us.*" *Allons, messieurs.* We too will march that road. And know it now once and for all, you will be opposed every inch of that road.

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Péguy in Part

Men and Saints, by Charles Péguy. Edited by Anne and Julian Green. New York: Pantheon Books. 303 pages. $2.75.

THE PUBLICATION of a new anthology of Péguy may occasion some remarks which go beyond its scope. Péguy's "revival" here and abroad has more or less consciously coincided with the "resurrection" of France. Intellectual Vichyites have defined in their own way the relevancy of his writings to the year 1940. The various uses Péguy has been put to are all bound to an anthological approach whose results are particularly uncertain in his case; fragments of close metaphorical sequences are presented as independent dogmatic utterances; their tendencies vary, of course, with each editor, but they always point to dubious assumptions. Mr. Green is able to say, for instance, that "there probably never was a Catholic more thoroughly enamored of the church than Péguy," whereas, as his last biographer points out, his writings were heretical, and there were signs of an imminent conflict with the Church during the last years of his life. Péguy was no more a Catholic than he had been a socialist, in a dogmatic sense. He distrusted dogmas.

We have heard a great deal about a morbid Proust and the Fall of France, in contrast to a noble Péguy vaguely related to what will make her resurrection possible. We must be constantly reminded that the virtues of Proust as a writer are the virtues of Péguy as a writer, that the marvel is not so much in their divergences as in their points of contact; both progress by digressions and by analogies; they remind us of how their sentences should be pronounced; a peculiar punctuation defines the rhythm of their meaning.

The sense of time conveyed in Péguy's writings differs from Proust's; it is symbolized in his works by the myth of the Peasant, which is integrated in each of his sentences. He speaks of "the stubborn ancestors, the peasants, the patient ancestors" who won their soil "from the trees and the bushes of the Orleans Forest and from the sands of the Loire," and exclaims: "I want to write the way they were cleaning their furniture . . . to be steady in a working way, in a worker's way." His sentences take shape before our eyes, steadily, with all their alternative renderings and all their retouchings at our disposal. As Mr. Green remarks, they progress with a close and imaginative logic, like the peasants who talk "in a frenzy, and at the same time laboriously . . . with close reasonings, invincible reasonings, eloquent reasonings, logical reasonings." Péguy's tone is very near that of Lancelot Andrews whose sermons have the same abrupt and ratiocinative quality of feeling often branching into exegesis, and occasionally, as in the passage about the Magi quoted by T. S. Eliot ("It was no summer progress. A cold coming they had of it, at this time of the year, just the worst time of the year to take a journey in, and specially a long journey in," etc.) show the same tough handling of abstractions. Péguy's time is traditional, agricultural; it grows on us imperceptibly: "the old elaboration," "the slow maturation," "the irreversible," "that which cannot be condensed," especially by an anthology.

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The temptation to extract "basic verities" [1] out of his works is partly encouraged, we must admit, by Péguy himself. Under the influence of Bergson, he had a deep distrust of the intellect (this is another side of the myth of the illiterate peasant); he sensed a conflict between his activity as a writer and his activity as a prophet, but it is not up to any editor to solve Péguy's conflicts. What he conveyed is bound to the way he conveyed it, and like Valéry he conceived a work as primarily a "work in progress"; beginning and end were arbitrary.

An anthology of Péguy is a serious misunderstanding; Péguy does not write *on* "temporal and eternal things, humanity and the humanities, etc.," as the jacket of this book implies; he just writes; without preconceived ideas: "When you have a work in mind, you think it will be nothing, for the size . . . and when you develop it, when you unroll it on the paper . . . in this developing, in this unrolling which is the very condition, the essence of the art of writing . . . you don't know any longer where you are going." This anthology often cuts off the long "unrolling" which leads to the conclusions the editors are concerned with. We are not so much interested in the conclusions as in the unrolling, like Péguy himself, ultimately.

In their two companion volumes, the editors have given us 300 pages of selections from Péguy; we would be more grateful if we had had the 300 pages of the magnificent "Victor Marie, Comte Hugo." ANDRÉ DU BOUCHET

Religion, Politics and Poetry

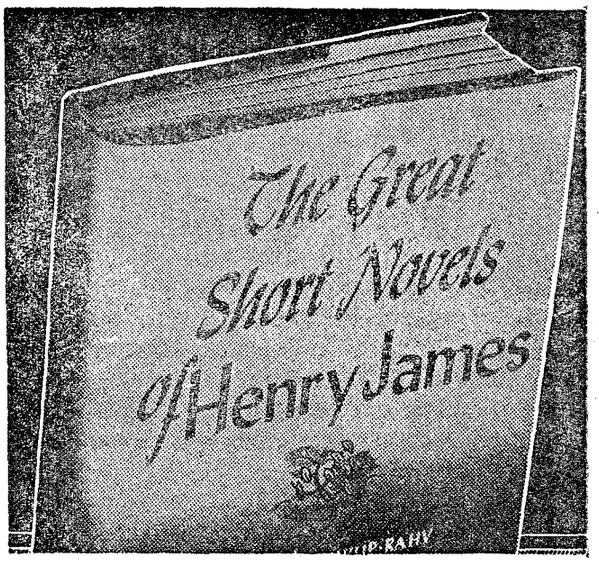
Carmelite and Poet: A Framed Portrait of St. John of the Cross, by Robert Sencourt. New York: The Macmillan Company. 278 pages. $3.

THE CARMELITE St. John of the Cross (1549-91) was, by any man's criteria, not only one of the greatest of mystical poets, but one of the finest lyrical poets Spanish literature can exhibit. It happens also that he makes a marvelous instance for the study of the psychology of poetic creation and of religion. Nor, unless it be his master Luis de Leon, does any man serve better as an illustration of the difficulties which the creative mind must face in its relation to an authoritarian society.

Although his orthodoxy was never attacked, not even by such spiritual cutthroats as General Doria, yet having joined with Santa Teresa in the reform of his order, he fell foul of the Observants (the unreformed wing of the Carmelite), was arrested in the vilest fashion and flung into prison, whence he made a skillful breakaway (somewhat after the manner of Fabrizio in "The Charterhouse of Parma"). After his escape, despite his king's modest support of the great reformer, Teresa, he suffered continual persecution and died in ignominy.

The task of the biographer must be one of delicately unraveling the complexly woven strands of motive in all the figures concerned. It was still the age of crystallizing nationalism. The monarch desired to have full authority

[1] Basic Verities: Prose and Poetry, by Charles Péguy. New York: Pantheon Books. 282 pages. $2.75. Reviewed by Conrad Aiken in our issue of June 14, 1943. – THE EDITORS



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in his realm and within limits he would oppose even the Papacy. The highest authority of the Orders was outside of Spanish control, hence the king's support of Teresa against the Observants, though that is far from the whole of the story. A member of an Order had at least three social identities. He was a member of the Church as a whole; he was a member of his Order (and sometimes of a section of it); and he was part of a national society. And mixed with all this is the question of the reforming spirit versus resistance (often personified in saintly defenders of corruption). In this case nationalism and the spirit of reform ran together, against Italianate control and spiritual sloth. The whole character of the ensuing fight, subtle as it was, and violent, cannot be understood unless these strands are patiently separated. Mr. Sencourt is unsatisfactory on most of these questions. It is a pity, because a short treatise on the life of the poet, considered in its relation to his background, was badly needed.

But far more interesting is the creative process and its relation, in St. John of the Cross, to mystical exercise. The allegorical treatment of the Song of Songs, which was the basis of the poet's political feeling, must always seem strange to the plain reader of the beautiful anthology of poems which somehow got itself included in the sacred canon. Many doctors of all the churches, Jewish and Christian, have suspected that it was not a spiritual allegory, though they have done their utmost to break its luxuriant sweetness to their arid disciplines. Mr. Sencourt, at least, is aware that in the light of contemporary Hebrew scholarship, the sacred text contains explicit reference, not merely to the psychology of love, but also to the most intimate physiological processes of sexual intercourse.

But this problem arises in more striking fashion in the case of the Spanish saint and poet. San Juan was not much interested in allegory. He used the Song as a ladder to reach God, as a direct experience. It was his claim that the human mind possessed secret faculties, which were not intellectual or emotional, by the use of which it could achieve personal contact with, and temporary absorption in, God. Two problems arise. How does an absorption and recreation of the Song of Songs, involving as it does the clearest imagery of nature and the human body, relate to this mystical, non-contemplative self-loss in God?

Mr. Sencourt lays out the problem with learning and clarity, and his solution is both orthodox and subtle. To summarize it, he says that the mind can reach God through adoration of His transcendence or through worship of His immanence. It is, of course, easy to translate that into Platonic terms, or into ordinary language. But even so, one sees that the sharpest, most dangerous form of the paradox is not answered by the author's generalized solution. Why the particular beauty of the female and male bodies and why, particularly, through such richly erotic conjurings of their beauty? And if a powerful emotion was needed, why not fraternal or maternal love?

Mr. Sencourt perceives the danger. He writes, "The crude Freudian would say that this passion for the unseen was but an ebullition, or at best a sublimation, of the carnal in his nature. San Juan had anticipated that contention; for he actually says that men who live by the impulses of physical sex will assess all motives accordingly." Besides being bad logic, this seems, if one may say so, to reflect the charge back on the saintly accuser and in any case amounts to a pretty strong attack on nine-tenths of the Fathers. Mr. Sencourt adds in a fascinating paragraph:

> But the Freudian explanation is soon refuted by the technical treatises [in St. John's mystical expositions]. They make it perfectly clear how the flesh of the mystic was subdued to the spirit; impulses of love were both ordered and *exalted*. [My italics.—R. B.] As San Juan himself says, "all the harmony and ability which the body gives to man's human nature serves him for greater recreation and as a help toward a knowledge of God."

The difference between this and the "crude Freudian" statement is not so very great! But to the Freudian

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scholar the whole beautiful process has no greater paradox than that inherent in all literary creation. Though I disagree with Mr. Sencourt's psychology and metaphysics, I gladly confess my great indebtedness to the sinewy effort and the great learning of his appreciative book. It is fortunate that his poetic perception is subtle and intuitively swift.

It is by no means a disqualification if one does not accept San Juan's beliefs concerning the object of his love. The present writer does not, yet the soaring movement of the poetry lifts one and one is delighted by the freshness of his imagery, or by his manipulation of the old properties. There is such a wafting of clean mountain air, such a glitter of sierra lakes in these poems, such sheer exhilaration and moving tenderness that no mystical exegesis is needed. The throbbing warmth of the emotion, its flamelike purity, would be none the less enjoyable if one supposed the beloved to be a human being. There was no such woman, of course; but then, was there in the case of many of the astonishing love poems that literature exhibits?

RALPH BATES

The Spirit of Freud

Freud's Contribution to Psychiatry, by A. A. Brill. New York: W. W. Norton. 244 pages. $2.75.

REVIEWING a book about Freud for The New Republic reminds me of a conversation I had with Freud years ago. I was then one of a delegation of two, the other being a writer who is now a well known foreign correspondent. Our task was to ask Professor Freud on behalf of The New Republic's editors to write one or a series of articles for this magazine. He could select any subject he liked, and the length of the pieces was left to him, as was, within reasonable limits, the remuneration. Freud categorically refused. He said he would write only for scientific journals and nothing would induce him to change his policy. Times have changed, and with this episode in mind I shall comment on Dr. Brill's book in its broader social context as well as on its scientific merit.

Technically the book is an adequate summary of its subject. It might be argued that some aspects could have been more emphasized, others less. For example, it might have been more germane to the subject historically to mention men like Kempf, Frink or Schilder instead of some influential psychiatrists who, after all, were aloof from psychoanalysis. The whole presentation is compact and gives a partly chronological survey of the field. Nowadays, however, it is not sufficient for a reviewer to discuss a book about psychoanalysis only in its technical aspects, especially when authors like Dr. Brill make such definite statements about social affairs on a psychoanalytic basis.

I fully agree with Dr. Karl Menninger when he calls psychiatrists who are still opposed to psychoanalysis "reactionaries." But in a far more subtle and hence more dangerous sense, psychoanalysis itself may sometimes lend aid to reaction. Some psychoanalysts are apt to stress personal facts at the expense of social facts. They want to tell us that Hitler made German fascism, whereas actually German fascism made Hitler. Listen to Dr. Brill: "Whenever some progress has been achieved, some pathologic homosexual tinged with paranoia steps in . . . and the destructive impulses gain control over everything. We must not forget that the

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whole Nazi movement was started by either overt homosexuals or by those who could not rise above the anal-sadistic level." I do not consider it proved that the most important Nazi leaders were homosexual. But supposing they were, what of the heterosexual industrialists who financed them?

The danger of psychoanalysis lies in the direct application of psychoanalytic speculation to social facts. Listen to Dr. Brill on labor: ". . . The restlessness and dissatisfaction among our working classes which often result in strikes are not altogether due to causes generally attributed to them. It is not so much a question of money as of emotions." Has Dr. Brill analyzed many workers, many strikers? Or does he perhaps deduce the unconscious motives of masses of employees from psychoanalysis of their employers? This is one of the danger points, where a reactionary philosophy can develop and has developed out of misapplied psychoanalytic theories.

Dr. Brill describes the psychiatric treatment of the indigent Swiss in the psychiatric hospital in Zurich. What was done there for mental patients in 1907 would be unheard-of and unattainable luxury for the indigent of New York, then and now. Dr. Brill, who is so accurate about Burghölzli, makes a really irresponsible statement about poor patients here when he says, "In most of the psychiatric hospitals, there are trained psychiatrists who devote most, if not all, of their time to some form of psychotherapy." I know psychiatrists who regularly had eight and a half minutes per patient for a complete mental and physical examination, on the strength of which the patient was either committed as insane or discharged.

On a subject of much current interest Dr. Brill is led to strange contradictions. He quotes with approval Freud's statement that "The war neuroses which ravaged the German army have, as is known, been recognized as a protest of the individual against the role attributed to him in the army." But the same war neuroses in our own army, which certainly are not less frequent are—according to Dr. Brill—due to "a marked infantile fixation." Is it not time to ask for more social objectivity, when it is a question of the proper treatment of tens of thousands of persons?

It is indeed a question of the spirit of Freud, of the correct evaluation of his historical role and the role psychoanalysis can play in our time. This is not a question of individual personalities, but entails the recognition of profound social changes. Freud was a great revolutionary figure. Psychoanalysis met with so much opposition because it was revolutionary, but its present role is sometimes unfortunately very different. In Freud's time the lower middle classes who sent their sons to the so-called free professions were progressive and liberal. These same strata now tend to be scared and reactionary. Where psychoanalysis could be a spur to free, altruistic and unsadistic action, many now use it as an evasion. Psychoanalysis, about which Freud always wrote in such a beautiful, clear style, is often discussed by them in mystifying language.

If ever there was a man in modern times steeped in all that was richest and truest in the culture of the West, that man was Sigmund Freud. That is how Thomas Mann saw him; that is how Bleuler saw him; that is how we see him. But in summing up, Dr. Brill speaks of his "oriental heritage." That sounds like Spengler and Rosenberg, not like a disciple of Freud. (It is not accidental that a psychoanalyst who betrayed Freud's progressive point of view, Jung, has become one of the most important influences on fascist philosophy in Europe.)

Implicit in the whole Freudian philosophy is a profound desire for social betterment in the here and now. Dr. Brill is very apologetic about Freud's most courageous book, "The Future of an Illusion," which deals with religion. He prefers to see here a problem of Freud's personal upbringing. Actually, in this book Freud ranked himself with the great rebels in the realm of the spirit and in clear language demanded that life should be made "tolerable for all." In other words, Freud's mature opinion about religion is like that of Marx (even though he arrived at it by a different scientific route), and not, as Dr. Brill would have it, an ambiguous belief that "the average man" may not get along without it.

In the last chapter of his book Dr. Brill states in italics: "I know that there are no short cuts to the cure of mental diseases." Some of us are working exactly on that problem, because we do not consider it compatible with the most elementary social justice that the majority should be excluded from psychiatric treatment. Freud has shown us ways, strictly scientific ways, to humanize psychiatry. It is up to us to do it.

FREDERIC WERTHAM

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